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BLUSHIES!



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Home from the school revue, Lucy is sent for the book in which the record of her misbehaviour over the past two weeks has been maintained. She does not peep at the pages for fear of what she'll find there – instead she waits on the landing below the study door with the hairbrush in her hand and in the certain knowledge that pretty soon she'll be feeling it across her bottom.

Thirty minutes later, and the first instalment has been paid. Lucy brushes away her tears and listens to Desmond telling her that tomorrow there'll be another knickers-down penance to pay – *and* another the day after *and* the day after that!

The lights dim, the audience coughs in relays in case they should really want to cough at some awkward point in the next five minutes, feet shuffle, chairs squeak, the curtains sweep aside. Well, they snag a bit here and there but they sort of sweep aside. Sounds off-stage, giggles, the clomp of tap shoes, a sudden bulge in the drapery bordering the stage, more clumps. The squeak of crepe-soled shoes on the boards, the tall, angular figure of the Headmaster.

'Er - ladies and gentlemen, if you would bear with us for a moment.' The curtains swoop across and wrap him in their green folds. He gropes forward onto the front of the stage, smiles apologetically. 'A shoe-strap has chosen this moment to part company with its buckle. If you would just be patient, I'm sure we'll be with you in a moment.'

The audience murmur indulgently; these things are bound to happen, but it's been very good so far, hasn't it! People glance down at their programmes - fifty pence, but it is for the swimming-pool fund! They find - reminding themselves what they may expect in the way of entertainment when that nice headmaster has got the show on the road again. Miss Gibbon's Dance Class in 'A TAP IN TIME'.

Seated in the second row from the front; a well-dressed man in his fifties peruses his programme, pondering what is no doubt some clever if obscure play on words; 'A Stick in Time'? 'A Tap on the - What? Head? A misprint, perhaps? He doesn't get it. He runs down the list of names; Sandra Howe, Susan Grey - there she is - 'Lucy Dunstan, 6B'. They all seem to be sixth-formers! Dear oh dear - this is going to be interesting!

The headmaster's pointed head thrusts between the curtains.

'Sorry about the delay, ladies and gentlemen, but I do believe we're ready now.' There is a scattering of applause, the curtains jerk apart. Off-stage the clapping begins again, music blares without warning from loudspeakers, and then with a rhythmic bobbing a line of girls with their hands linked behind their backs dance clipping and clapping across the stage.

Lucy Dunstan's uncle cannot resist a surreptitious look to left and right at the audience's reaction to the sight of eight schoolgirls who are distinctly more grown-up than not, prancing around in costumes

School revue

that would be somewhat conservative in a Las Vegas night-club, but are more than a little 'over the top' in suburban Surrey. Tightly pulled-up satin nicks at the bases of flat young tummys are the focus of attention for more than one pair of gentlemen's eyes. While firm, bouncy breasts given extra uplift by the clever cut of the one-piece outfits came in for their share of attention. Beside Mr. Dunstan a man finds himself the victim of a sudden coughing fit; it could, of course, be the extra mint he is chewing, but might well instead be his guilty realisation that the pretty blonde girl second from the right, whose seductive little figure has caught his eye and stirred vague but definitely lustful feelings in his loins, is in fact his own daughter, all but unrecognisable in make up that would do credit to a screen sex goddess!

The girls unlink their arms and undertake various twirls and splits and the costumes' frontal beauty is seen to be surpassed for titillating effect by the almost total absence of material at the back! Save for a strip of satin between chubby, bobbing buttocks the girls

bottoms are virtually naked! Mr. Dunstan hides a mischievous grin behind his hand and watches the evolutions of the troupe upon the stage to its finale, a series of high satin-stretching kicks and an unexpected turn for a flash of up-turned bottoms, then a last seductive wiggle of hips before a one-knee down and head-flicked-up finish.

There is applause; indeed there is considerable applause although the audience's clapping has a quality of determination about it that does its best to make up in volume for what it lacks in sincerity. Shocked disapproval often has that effect on audiences of a certain kind, who work on the assumption that if they are seen to be applauding enthusiastically then clearly they haven't the kind of mind which would notice such a thing as half-nakedness when there is the artistic quality of a performance to be appreciated.

The applause dies away at last and the headmaster reappears to introduce the next item. The audience sit out the rest of the revue, hearing of rain beating against the tall windows of the school hall and gathering umbrellas and plastic macs together in anticipation of a blustery journey home after the last curtain.

After the last 'turn' Reggie stays in his seat until the hall is half empty, not wanting to bump into too many people who know him with their awkward questions and knowing nudges. Then he slips out of a side exit, not wanting to meet too many of Lucy's friends parents with their boring conversation and nosey little minds. He has to wait for Lucy whilst she changes. So he wanders about in the corridor outside the hall; the one person he is unable to avoid however is the headmaster.

'Mr. Dunstan -' The man looks somewhat at a loss for words but he rallies nobly - 'I must say, those costumes were - were splendid! They really were - just like the real thing! I hadn't had the chance to see them before this evening -' he paused, plainly wishing he had seen them while there had still been time to replace them with something less patently 'sexy' - um, but we really are most grateful. Whenever did you find them?'

'Ah - friend of mine is in the theatrical profession he just had them lying around apparently, so I trespassed on our freindship and pinched them. I'll take them back





of course", he adds with a contrived smile, realising that the man might think he'd really stolen them – you could never tell with school teachers.

"Well, do please thank your friend for us – must hurry along now. Bye –"

The headmaster, takes his leave and Reggie chuckles quietly to himself and resumes his pacing along the corridor.

Suddenly Lucy is there running excitedly along the corridor to him and holding up her face to be kissed. She is still in her dance costume outfit, her bag in her hand with her school clothes in it and her mac draped around her shoulders.

"I can't be bothered to change, Uncle Desmond – I'll wait till we get home."

"Fine –" they go along the corridor, she calling goodnight to her friends in a voice still with the tremour of excitement in it, her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed with the glow of triumph.

"Did you like it? What did you think, uncle Desmond?"

"You were wonderful, my dear. Absolutely marvellous."

"Did you really think so? I felt so nervous – you can hardly see a thing with all those lights in your eyes."

"You were splendid!" He kisses her again on the top of her head,

the faint perfume of her hair delicate in his nostrils. 'Do you think it was worth all the effort? All the hard work?'

'Oh, yes! I wouldn't have missed the chance for anything!' There is rain in the air as they step out into the darkness and turn towards the car park. A gust of wind threatens to carry away her mac from it's precarious perch on her shoulders and Desmond catches it before it falls and makes an attempt to replace it, but Lucy says not to bother.

'Come on – let's run to the car!'



She clutches her bag to her middle and runs on ahead, seemingly unworried by the skimpiness of her dress. The costume has slipped up tight into the crease of her bum; her bottom bounces almost naked as Desmond jogs along behind. She stands by the passenger door, waiting for Desmond to catch her up.

'Come on Uncle Desmond!' She frowns against the rain as it slants across her face, waiting beside the car to be let in. Desmond thrusts her mac at her and fishes for his car keys.

'Ooo – this rain's cold! Hurry up!'

He unlocks the door and pulls it open.

'Never mind – you'll be warm enough once we're home.' He pats her damp bum-cheeks by way of uns subtle hint as she slides past him into the car and he shuts the door behind her.

The car park is a confusion of headlights and flitting shapes as parents and performers scurry through the rain, a girl struggles into the car parked in front of them and then re-emerges, wailing that she has lost a shoe. Her mother leaves the driving seat and comes round to look for it, while the child hops on one foot. It is a minute or so before the car in front moves off, by which time the heater has begun to warm Lucy's chilled legs.

"Still chilly?" asks Desmond.

'Um – just a little bit'" Lucy's voice is suddenly small and unhappy.

Desmond glances sideways, Lucy's face has lost its lively, over-excited glow and now she meets his eyes only reluctantly. He smiles cheerfully, pretending not to know what the matter is but Lucy's faint response and pale young face confirm that she has realised that after all the fun of the run-up to the school revue, now it's over there are some outstanding matters to be attended to, postponed for the sake of discretion but no longer needing to be held in abeyance now that she can have her bottom caned without the risk of her marks being seen upon the stage by the audience at the revue. Lucy licks nervously at her lips and peeps pleadingly at her uncle from the corner of her eye; Desmond gives her bare thigh a patronising pat.

"Well, not to worry – we'll have you warmed up nicely before you go to bed, eh? Yes, we'll have you as warm as toast, my pet – that's exactly what we'll do!"

With a backlog of smacked bottoming to get through, Thursday evening after Lucy's bath seems like as good a time as any to get started, though Lucy would rather wriggle out of it.



Too much wriggling, entertaining though it is for the spanker, does put something of a strain on a chap; a way out of it has to be found, and very effective Desmond's idea proves to be. Now she can wriggle all she likes—





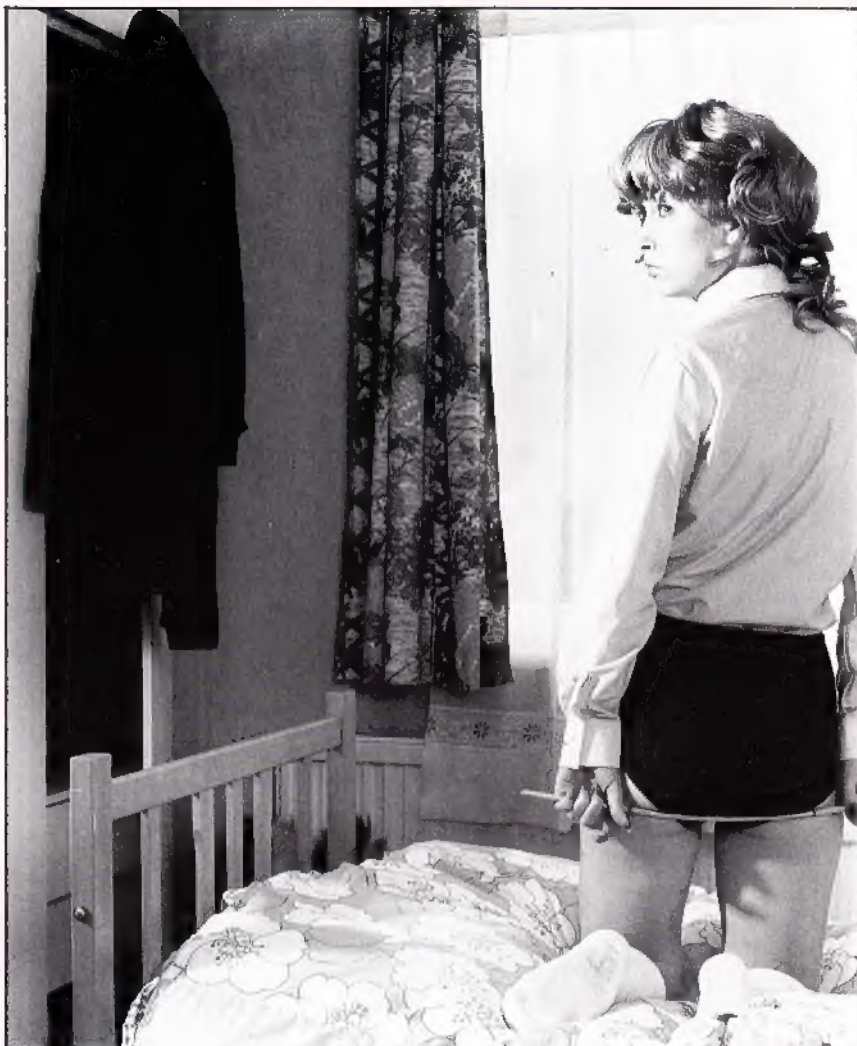
A series of good hard spansks persuades Lucy that Uncle Desmond is *serious* about this; she'd better do her very best not to make things worse for herself by making his task too difficult. She manages to control her wrigglyness sufficiently for Desmond to let her up and turn her over for the finishing off touches. Lucy keeps her bottom up for the spansks but can't help letting herself down with lots of hot, salty tears.



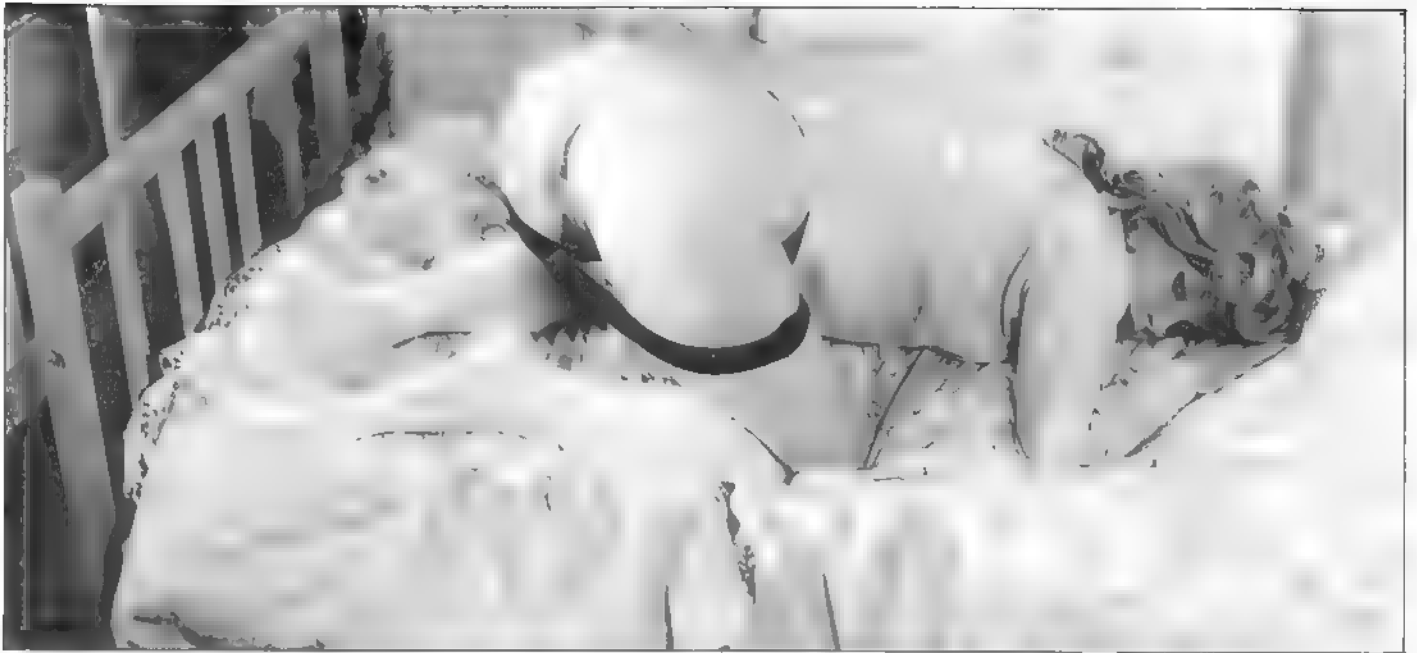
Today's punishment is only the first of several;
he'll have her knickers down again tomorrow!



NEXT DAY



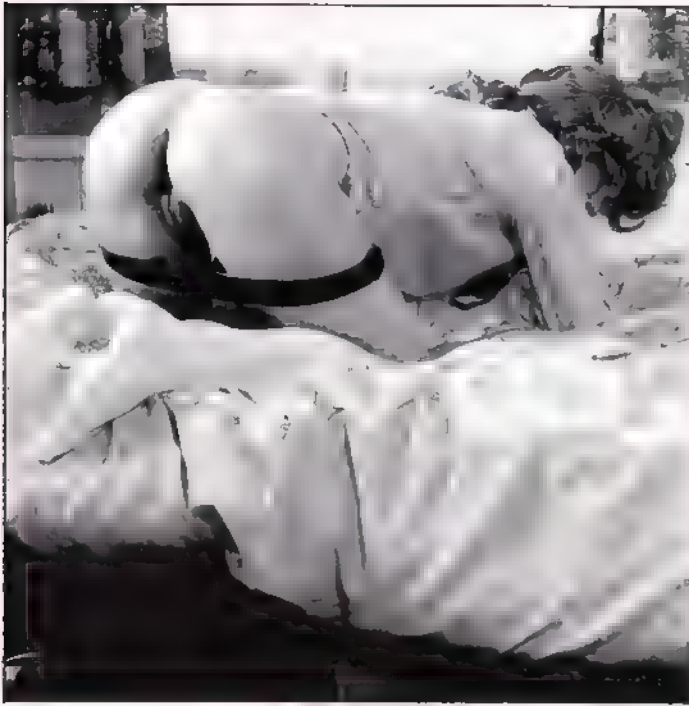
Skirt off, knickers permitted to be kept on until the moment when the punishment is about to begin, Lucy waits with the feeling that her bottom is getting plumper and more vulnerable by the minute until she hears her uncle's determined tread on the stairs.



Lucy slips her knickers down and pops her bottom up high so that the cane can get at all the nice sitting-down bits; the trembles begin about now but it isn't long before her bottom is quivering to the prompting of the cane and tears are pressing hotly behind her eyelids



The first dozen or so strokes well and truly applied, Lucy can now be turned over and upside down into that most humiliating of positions that Desmond finds more exciting from any other –





The coupe-de-grace; a final half dozen, which have Lucy whimpering for it all to be over and done with. Until tomorrow that is.



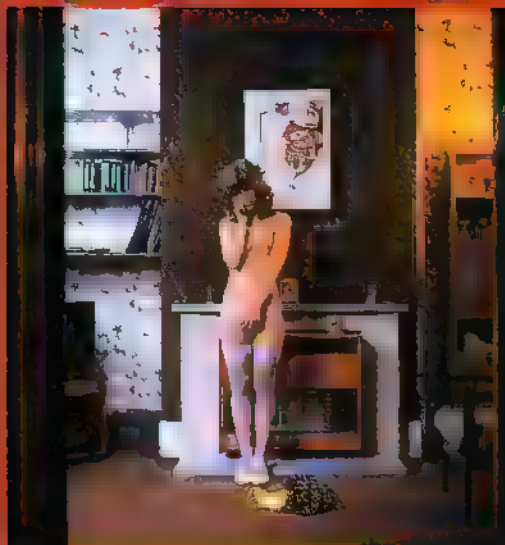
SATURDAY



Today being Saturday, and Desmond being a man of regular habits, Lucy's nightcap is going to be 'a little of what's good for a girl' – before he gives her *that*, though there's the business of the next instalment of her punishment.



The girl *will* fuss so, once her bottom begins to feel the smart! He could make her put her hands on the mantelpiece but there would be no guarantee that she'd keep them there. The only thing to do is to hold her frantic flustered hands away from her bottom and whip her backhanded.



A long push on the doorbell
demands an answer, and I
prope for her pants in panic
would be just like her uncle
invite whoever it is in!

Desmond returns alone – well,
ladies from the W.I. are
notoriously narrow minded
people aren't they? Never mind
now he can have the fun of
stringing them along over again!



Lucy's bum being nicely warmed up now, a short lecture on humility, penitant posture helping the message go home and then a couple more strokes before she is sent upstairs for the balance of what's coming to her.



SUNDAY

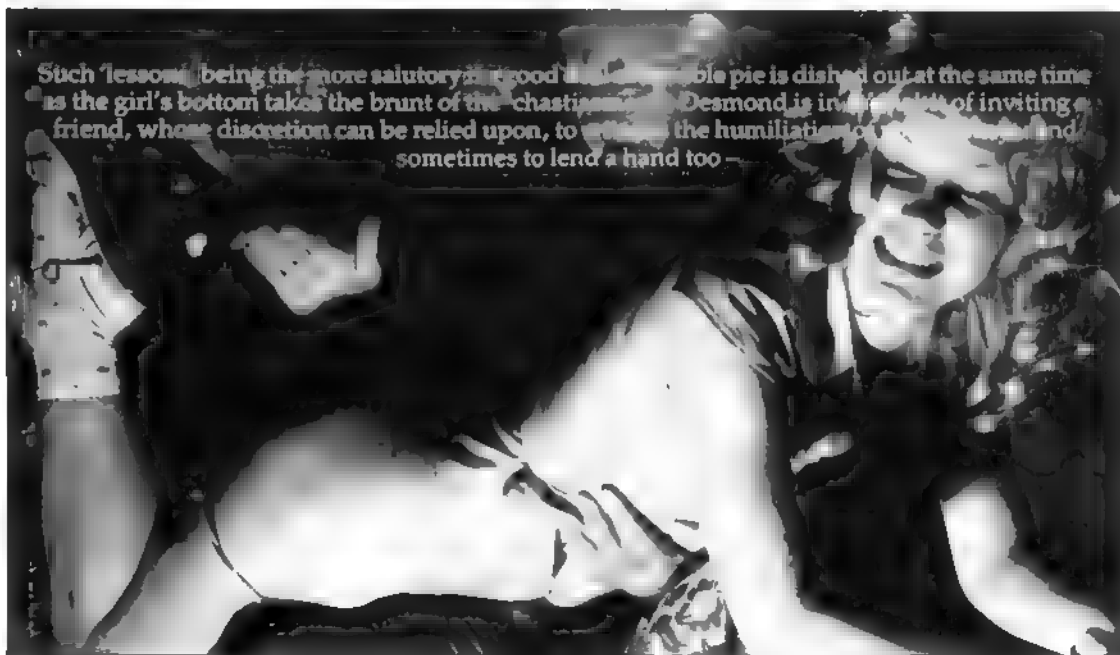
On Sundays the Demon has to get up on his high horse and look down with an affected air of despair at those who have in some way sinned against the moral standards that he preaches. Every too is invariably regarded as a sinner or at least with the occasional accusation of lustfulness levied against him for getting drunk and, of course, the girls have to be chastised.





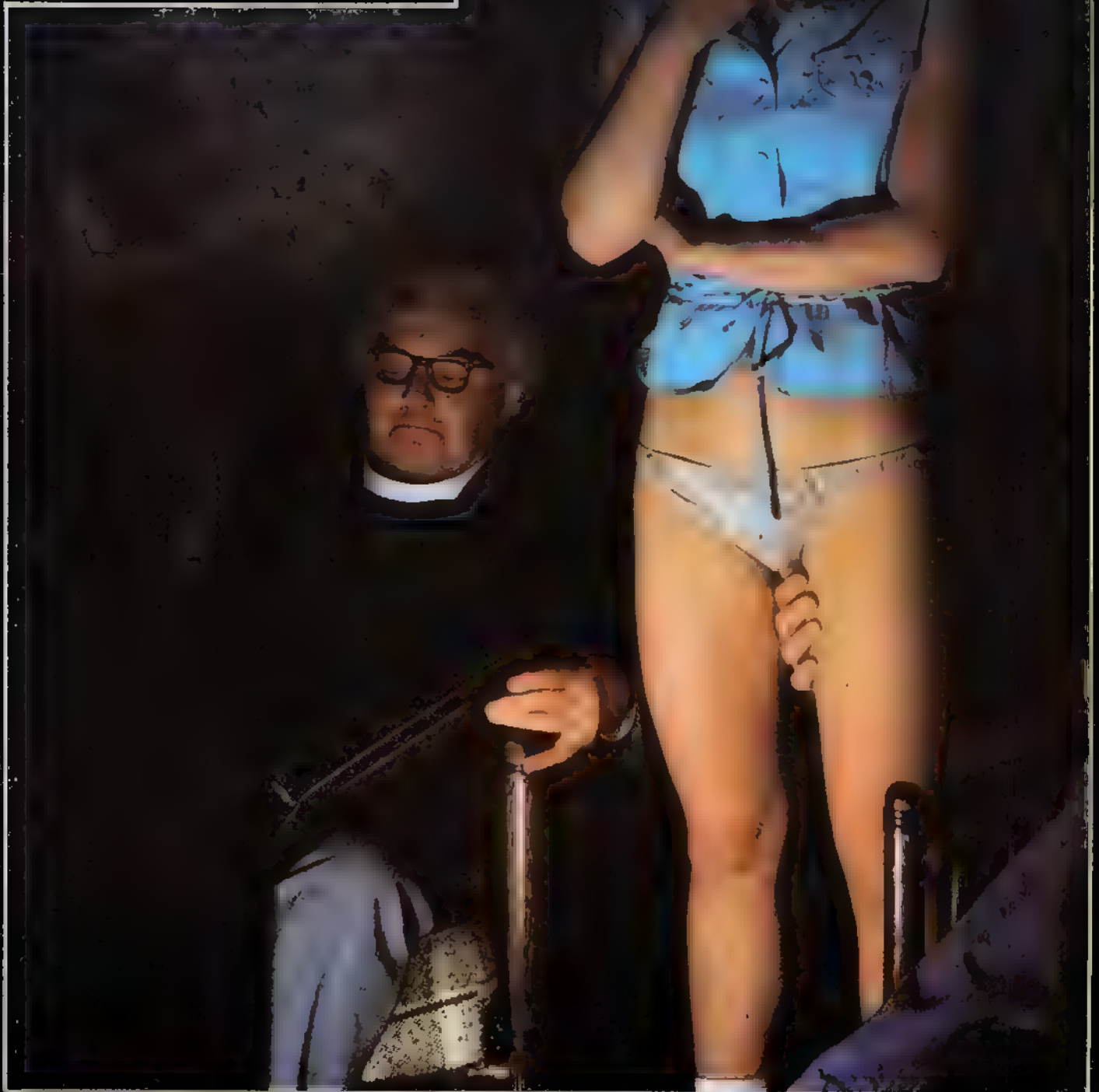


Such lessons, being the more salutary in good discipline, are dish'd out at the same time as the girl's bottom takes the brunt of the chastisement. Desmond is in the habit of inviting a friend, whose discretion can be relied upon, to witness the humiliation of the culprit, and sometimes to lend a hand too —





In the gloom of the back parlour, with only the light from the television to illuminate the room, Lucy gets her knickers taken down despite her blushes at the presence of Desmond's friend.





The woman in the dark dress is looking down at her hands, which are resting on her lap. She is wearing a dark, patterned dress. The man standing behind her is wearing a dark sweater and a white shirt. He is looking on. The background is dark and indistinct.

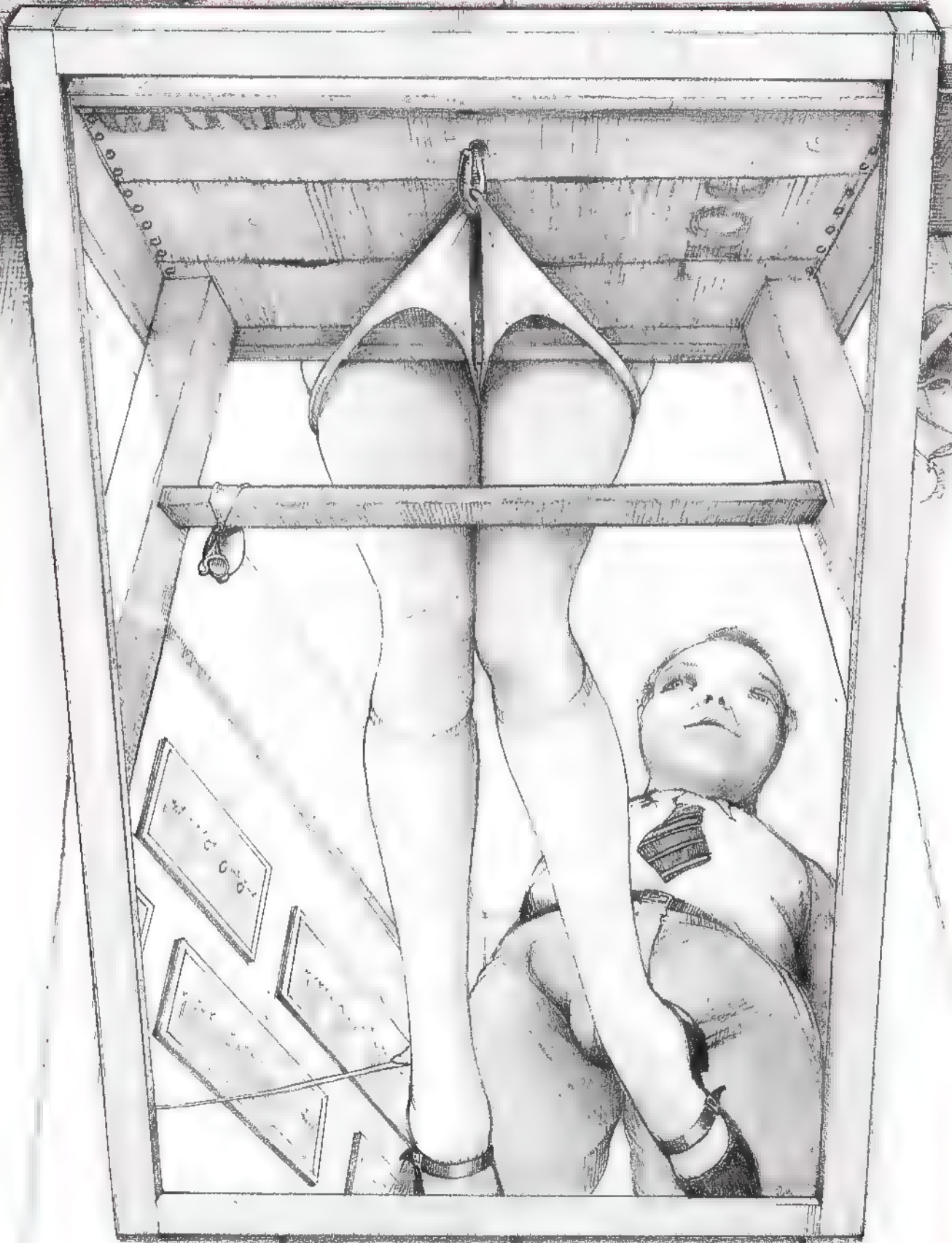




Sent back to her corner, Lucy pleads not to have to do it but Desmond is adamant; she will do as she's told and she will take everything in 15 minutes, or there'll be a spank-tending to your bottom which will be feeling even more tender when the cane has finished with it. And now she'll come back here and put her hands on her head and she will not wiggle too much again.

Lucy's friend... in Lucy's... beginning... am... other week, but Lucy... the end... the bed and quite out of breath... night be... given for thinking it's Saturday night all over... again.

WHATEVER NEXT!



Approaching the school from the village, the visitor's first sight of the main building is across a wide expanse of gently-sloped grass, vibrantly green at this time of year, setting off the red brick building against a distant background of dark coniferous trees. This older part of the school is in the shape of a capital 'T', the long downstroke being aligned east/west so that the windows facing the road have a southern aspect, while the cross strokes at either end of the central body face east and west respectively. A long drive, scrunchy with raked gravel, leads to the main entrance, a tastefully pillared portico at the top of a flight of low steps, midway along the southern face of the building.

Once through the double doors at the head of the steps, the marble tiled entrance hall opens out onto corridors which lead down the middle of the building, one to the left and another to the right, while straight ahead a broad staircase leads up to a gallery from which two other corridors give access to the upper floor in the same way as the lower corridors. A right turn takes visitors past classrooms on either hand to a smaller hallway, where stairs again lead to the upper floor. Directly in front is the staffroom, office and a storeroom. A left turn from the entrance hall leads to that end of the building set aside, on the ground floor, for the use of the school's headmaster, one Mr. Quentin.

Walking down this left hand corridor the visitor finds classrooms on either side of him, their interior walls mostly multi-paned glass from chest height upwards, allowing light into the central corridor, albeit of a somewhat gloomy kind. In front of him, across a hallway similar to the one at the east end of the school, the visitor is confronted by a door, upon which his gaze naturally falls as he approaches. Gaining the hallway, he then sees on either side of this central door two other doors at some little distance from it. To the right, a neatly lettered nameplate picks out the 'Headmaster's Study'; the door to the left is proclaimed to be the 'Headmaster's Sitting Room'. A short-sighted visitor supposing the central door to be the one he wanted, would find it securely

locked.

At this time of the day, early evening, the sun strikes diagonally across the study onto the north wall, which is lined with glass-fronted bookcases with a central niche in which a large, white marble fireplace is the centrepiece of the room. Above the fireplace a case containing those trophies of which the headmaster is most proud catches the sunlight and sets the cups and shields asparkle. A solid oak desk and several easy chairs are the major part of the study's furniture, with several less substantial pieces distributed here and there.

In the sitting room too the sun comes through the tall windows, where it lights upon a large painting which takes pride of place amongst several others on the same wall. The central picture, with a theme Napoleonic and military, has suffered a little from it's careless positioning where the rays of the evening sun can reach it, but the headmaster has fretted for so long over where else in the room it might be displayed to advantage that the caretaker no longer bothers to mention the matter of it's being rehung. A comfortable settee with accompanying armchairs is grouped around the fireplace in the south wall, while a large polished table with a dozen chairs occupies the windowed wall.

Both the sitting room and the study have doors which would seem to connect the rooms to each other, were it not for the room between them into which the central door in the hall would open were it not permanently locked.

The room between the study and the sitting room, unlike those on either side of it, is a narrow, claustrophobic room, twice as long as it is wide and lit naturally only by one small window at the end opposite the locked door. It's floor, mostly bare, polished boards, is lent a token feeling of warmth by a fringed rug set mid-way between the doors which connect with the outside rooms. The rug is threadbare here and there and many of its tassels are missing.

Against the wall opposite the window, where one would expect to see the door to the hallway, there are shelves from floor to ceil-

ing. Crammed onto these wide shelves, two and three deep and filling every possible space, there are books of various kinds. Mostly they are battered textbooks, years out of date, perhaps as many as eight or nine hundred of them, higgledy piggledy here and there, wedged tightly one against the other as though their only purpose were to hide the wall and the door entirely from view. Such is the sound-deadening quality of this wall of books that even the clamour of the school bell as it rings outside in the hallway to announce the start of 'prep' is all but inaudible in this no-man's-land betwixt study and sitting room.

The two long walls of this secluded hidey-hole are for the most part bare of furniture, with the exception of a shallow wooden cupboard fixed to one of the walls which presently has it's doors ajar. Within, ranged on hooks along the back of the cupboard, the malevolent pale yellow gleam of use-polished canes grins disconcertingly at the opposite wall. The dulled shine of leather is in evidence too, with the out-of-place glitter of a long, slightly bowed plastic ruler incongruous amongst the natural materials of implements traditionally associated with the chastisement of school girl bottoms. Group photographs of girls in classes as they were posed for the school photographer hang in narrow black frames along the wall opposite the cupboard; none of these frames has glass to protect the pictures, and here and there red ink circles the smiling faces of the prettiest girls, while virtually every one of the girls in each of the groups has a series of crosses floating in the air above her, with arrows dipping down towards a straw-boated head where the subject of these annotations might be in doubt. This gallery of innocents - innocence to be presumed anyway, red circles notwithstanding - has the look of a catalogue of achievement rather than the appearance of a series of sentimental souvenirs.

At the window end of the room, close against the wall, is a sturdy-looking upright chair from which wooden arms would appear to have been amputated with a saw; the reason for this act of apparent

vandalism presumably has to do with the removal of obstructions likely to inconvenience the occupant of the chair should he have occasion to put a misbehaved girl across his lap in order to spank her bottom. Next to the chair, and centrally placed in front of the window, is the room's one sizeable piece of furniture, a heavily constructed bench of lightly stained timber, topped with a 'work surface' of worn leather such as might have been salvaged from an old vaulting horse. The bench, which is some three feet from the wall, stands at a peculiarly tilted-over angle, looking as though it might be about to topple over towards the window. Brass brackets, screwed firmly to the floor, explain its gravity-defying position of unbalance; it's top, while level in a lateral sense, is inclined forward from the horizontal towards the wall in front of which it stands, an angle which has been achieved, apparently, by cutting the window-most legs some six inches shorter than the other pair, suitable flats having been sawn on the bottom of all four legs so that they sit squarely on the floor. The higher edge of the leather-covered top would be on a level with the bottom button of a tallish man's waistcoat - that is, of a man of Mr. Quentin's height.

Against the wall on the side of the bench opposite from the chair there is a box-like construction some six or seven inches in height and perhaps eighteen inches wide and two feet long; put flat on the floor it would provide a platform of dubious strength enough to take the weight of a biggish man. One would have to hazard a guess as to its purpose, but two substantial brass pins protruding from the underside of the box might be intended to locate in two holes which have been drilled in the floorboards between the legs of the bench, possibly to keep it in position as a stable foundation on which a fairly weighty man might want to stand.

Consideration of the fine construction details of this box might lead one to re-examine the bench itself with a view to divining its precise purpose more exactly, and one would be helped by the fact that one of the sixth form girls, and

Annabel Appleby, has been silly enough to have earned herself a visit to the headmaster's secluded and intimate little room. With Annabel's pleasantly proportioned young figure bent tightly across it, the subtlety of the bench's forward-tilted design becomes tantalisingly apparent, especially since she has been made to hang up her skirt on a hook screwed to the windowsill and has had her knickers taken down to the height to which girls' knickers usually are taken down when the headmaster has them across the punishment bench; that is, to a point some four inches below the cheeks of her bottom, and with the slack of the pants as they fell loose around her thighs pulled forward to a point on the underside of the downward-sloping bench top where a large hook has been screwed into the wood so that girls' knickers can be looped snugly over it in such a way that their legs are pulled close in under the bench in a semi bent-kneed position, thus minimising any tendency to wriggle unduly and conferring other advantages besides. For due to the down-slope of the bench under her tummy, Annabel's blonde head is some eighteen inches lower than her bottom, which is to say that she has no option but to keep her bum lifted high up in the air over the front edge of the bench with the tender plumpness of her buttocks under-curves unavoidably presented to whatever instrument of chastisement is to be applied to that most sensitive of regions. Combined with the tucked-under position of her knees occasioned by the hooking of her knickers to the underside of the bench, Annabel no longer has any secrets worth blushing about, the moist declivity between the tops of her thighs being thus neatly and embarrassingly displayed, and the girl herself unavoidably aware of that most humiliating of circumstances.

If Annabel lifts up her head and grips the rearmost edge of the bench, with her arms stretched out on either side like a nose-diving delta-winged aeroplane, she can look back and just see the other end of the room past her bottom.

But Annabel doesn't have to strain round to look over her shoulder if she wants to see be-

hind, she can simply stay in her head down position and look in the mirror which leans at a flattish angle. What she sees in the mirror is her own legs, her knees together and her knickers at mid-thigh stretched to loop over the hooks under the bench top. Beyond her legs she can see ceiling, and an enamelled lampshade dangling from it. The ceiling light is not quite above her uptilted bottom, but about four feet further back along the length of the room. When the light is switched on it's reflection in the mirror will dazzle her, as it did last time.

Last time, she found that when the headmaster stood behind her she could see his face in the mirror sort of tilted backwards so that she saw mostly double chin and nostrils, and sometimes his eyes too when he happened to glance down. It has not occurred to Annabel that if the ceiling light dazzles her, then it's reflected illumination must be lighting up the whole of her face, and neither has it dawned upon her that if she can see his face, then he can see hers - every detail, every nuance of expression as the cane whips across her bottom. Least of all has Annabel realised that precisely such intimate observation of her reactions to each stroke of the cane is the carefully worked-out purpose of the conveniently angled mirror against the wall. When Annabel's helpless bottom jerks at the first cut of the cane, when she bites her lip against the smart and when the tears start from her eyes and fall like warm rain onto the mirror and trickle down its glass, the fall of every one of those pain pearls will be marked by one who will be enjoying his victim's humiliation to the full.

What happens to Annabel now? What is the mystery of the brass-pegged box, and what do the noughts and crosses mean? How does Mr. Quentin get away with it, and what else is he getting away with? If someone doesn't write in with the answers, we'll never know!

Further Education

Miss Kirby's 'phone call had caught the girls' step-father in a bad mood; "I should like to take the opportunity presented by the forthcoming half-term holiday to keep your daughters at school for some concentrated work on their behinds - I mean, on what they've fallen behind in". The girls' step-father had neither smiled at the initial pomposity of the opening of that sentence nor frowned at the grammatical uncertainty of it's conclusion. The Freudian slip in the middle he noted without the amusement it would ordinarily have afforded him; he knew anyway that Miss Kirby's methods tended to centre around naked, well-thrashed bottoms - just what his girls needed in his opinion.

"Fine," he'd said and hung up.





Carte-blanche assured, Miss Kirby informed the school caretaker that she would be commandeering the disused older wing of the school for the weekend. He was to find two beds, with mattresses and to furnish what used to be the staffroom so that it could be used as a classroom. No, he need not go down to the cellar to kick the central heating system; it rarely got very cold in November.

Some canes would be needed; he was to supply them and maintain the utmost discretion so far as the principal and other members of staff were concerned. Miss Kirby meant to exploit the girls' weekend with her cane to the full.

Classroom Discipline



Miss Kirby wanted to teach the girls how to get their
makers down without making a fuss and thereafter how
to make a fuss without inhibiting the girls' access to their
bottoms.



Elaine's plump bum is to be first; a dozen strokes would hardly be sufficient to do the girl's buttocks justice, so an extra half dozen are applied for good measure.

Flustered gropings for where the cane has landed are dealt with by the instruction that the girl's hands are to be placed in the hollow of her back and *kept* there! Tears accompany every successive stroke, while Julie pouts miserably and waits for her turn to come.



Miss Kirby is thoroughly into the swing of things now! Counting strokes can be left to the girl herself – the mistress's attention is centred only on where to apply the cane for the very best effect!





well together



The New Regime

The year is 1989. A wave of teenage crime and violence has been sweeping the country. In response to increasingly strident public demands for something drastic to be done to reverse the trend the Government has at last instituted a new policy towards the corrective punishment of young offenders. The old concept of a "short, sharp shock" has returned to favour with increased vigour born out of desperation.

At Hazeldene Reformatory for Girls a new Principal has been appointed with instructions to implement the new approach with full rigour. Now Stephen Carpenter, warden of C Block, enters the dormitory to inform the girls under his charge of the Principal's new regime.

"Right! Come on! Get out, all of you. Jump to it! I want you all standing by your beds in five seconds. Move!"

Twenty nubile girls in pyjamas and filmy nightdresses leapt from their beds.

"Now, stand still! Shoulders back, chests out, stomachs in, eyes front! And listen carefully. I have news for you. The party's over at last. We're going to have some changes round here - not before time, in my opinion - and you girls are going to learn what real discipline means. By the time you leave Hazeldene you're going to make jolly sure you don't come back! I'm here now on the instructions of Mr. Matthews, the new Principal, to tell you what to expect from now on. When I have finished, you will go and collect your new uniforms. You will hand over to the Storekeeper everything you possess at present. Everything! Understand? In return, each of you will be issued with a tee-shirt, skirt, knickers, socks and shoes. And that'll be all. No bras, no slips, no nightwear - you'll sleep raw from now on. And what's more, you'll only have a single blanket on your bed. You're going to have to learn to rough it in future!"

"No need to look so startled, Hunter. That's only the start! You've all had it too easy up to now. From tomorrow, you'll all get up at 6.30 a.m. and start each day with a two-mile run through the grounds in your knickers. You'll look great doing that Davis, with those huge knockers of

yours bouncing in all directions! I know we're starting in the middle of January, but that's just your hard luck. You're not likely to miss your run unless there's a ten-foot snow-drift outside the door, so you'll all have to get a move on if you don't want your fannies to freeze!"

"Then it's a nice cold shower for the lot of you, followed by breakfast at 8.00. You'll go to your classes for academic work and P.T. in the mornings, and afternoons will be devoted to outdoor activities such as sports, forestry and working on the school farm. Evening meal is at 6.00; then you'll have an hour or so for recreation before you go to bed. There will be a Punishment Parade at 8.30 when necessary, and Lights Out will be at 9.00 p.m. sharp.

"It's going to be tough from now on, so you'd better buck your ideas up. Any shirking, and insolence, or any breach of discipline will be punished severely in future. Step out of line and you'll feel the cane across your bare backsides. Our new Principal has firm ideas on discipline. Stop snivelling, Williams. You'll survive. But you'll know you've been through it by the time you leave us, and you'll never want to be sent here again!"

"Now, you've got fifteen minutes to get all your things together and hand them in to the Storekeeper. Get a move on!"

Shortly after this dramatic briefing, Stephen Carpenter was appraising with a somewhat lecherous gaze the nubile young bodies of the twenty youngsters as they formed lined up along the corridor outside the Storekeeper's office, blushing with shame and embarrassment as they tried to shield their nakedness ineffectually behind their bundles of folded clothing. A few minutes later, he became the privileged spectator to a delightful display as each girl self-consciously slipped into her new issue of uniform. He had the opportunity to properly assess their individual charms, from the slender girlishness of Lianne Chambers, the youngest of his charges, to the over-developed voluptuousness of Mandy Davis and the big West Indian girl, Donna Smith. He surveyed with particular interest the variety of lovely young bottoms on show -

some small and tight, others full and fleshy, and all perfectly fashioned for the application of the cane. Carpenter smiled to himself as he contemplated the dramatic change in his charges' fortunes. Life at Hazeldene was definitely becoming interesting!

At 6.30 a.m. on the following morning, the girls of C Block were roused from their slumbers by the persistent blasts of a piercing whistle. In nervous haste the twenty youngsters responded to the summons. Tumbling from their beds they shook the sleep from their heads and scrambled to pull on their tight blue knickers and training shoes. Nothing else. That had been the instruction – though they obeyed it now with renewed consternation and considerable reluctance.

Stephen Carpenter was waiting for them at the assembly point in the yard with Bill Patton, the head P.T. Instructor. It was a cold January morning with frost lying on the ground. An east wind was blowing, and both men were well wrapped up against it as they surveyed the line of trembling youngsters. The girls shivered in the cold wind, teeth chattering, nipples standing out stiff with cold on the delightful assortment of blossoming breasts and developing bodies.

"Stand still, you miserable bunch of delinquents! Davis, get those hands down by your sides! This isn't the time for childish ideas about modesty," roared the P.T. Instructor. He was an ex-mercenary soldier – a tough, no-nonsense individual, and the new regime at Hazeldene suited him fine.

"So! We're a little cold, are we?" he continued. "Poor little darlings miss their creature comforts? A nice brisk run should help to warm you up! You'll do one full circuit of the grounds. Flat out. No slacking. I want to see those lovely legs moving so fast that your feet don't touch the ground and your tits shaking like jellies! The last one to return will be sorry I promise you. Now, get moving!"

The girls, miserable cold and frightened, set off. They ran for dear life, knowing full well that the penalty for lack of effort would not be pleasant. The course was long, but the two supervisors were able to keep the girls within sight for most of the circuit. At length they stumbled in, sweating, gasping for breath and sobbing from their exertions. Stephen Carpenter was somewhat disappointed that both Mandy Davis and the athletic Donna Smith came in

well up the field. He was rather hoping that one of them might be last. But then his attention was drawn to a drama unfolding among the backmarkers.

The last two girls were Julie Brown and Stella Summers, two pretty sixteen-year-olds. They were both wildly trying to avoid coming in last. They were almost home, having reached the edge of the tarmac of the parade ground. Suddenly, in desperation, Julie Brown gave her rival a violent shove, knocking her over in full flight. Stella Summers fell headlong, crashing to the ground, as Julie Brown triumphantly completed the race. A couple of other girls ran over to console Stella, who was crying over her bruises.

Bill Patton was furious.

"Brown!" he roared. "Come here, you vicious little cow! I saw clearly what you did. Get those pants off this instant and get yourself over that barrel!"

He indicated a large old drum lying on its side a few yards away. Then he reached for the leather tawse that he had brought with him. Julie Brown hesitated only a moment before tearfully obeying instructions. Reluctantly she dropped her knickers and stepped out of them, then draped herself over the old drum, lowering her naked body gingerly onto the ice-cold metal surface.

"Campbell! Sheppard! Come over here and hold her steady. Spread her legs apart . . . Wider than that, you stupid cats! I want her doing the splits! That's more like it! Now, hold tight!"

Between her cruelly spread thighs the young girl's most intimate secrets pouted provocatively. Her rude exposure shocked and horrified her watching companions. Then the tawse cracked down, cutting a blaze of fire across the tow of her clenched bottom cheeks.

THWACK!

"Eeooooowww!"

Julie Brown shrieked from the burning pain of the stroke.

THWACK!

"Eeeeeaaahhh!"

Again the tawse struck, lower this time, across the fulness of her young bottom. The third and fourth strokes were each delivered lower still, directed across the lower slopes of her buttocks. Each blow forced a cry of pain from the punished girl as she writhed across the old drum.

THWACK!

"Eeeeeaaaagggghhh!"

The fifth cut struck her again across the full meat of her bottom, harder than the other, making her

jerk violently against the arms of the girls holding her.

Bill Patton was enjoying himself. He was reliving his days as a mercenary in Africa, and the way he dealt with captured terrorists and their sympathisers. He altered his position for the final stroke, swinging the wicked tawse with full force diagonally across the reddened marks of her punished bottom.

"Aaaaaagggghhhh!"

A prolonged wail rose from his victim, who bucked and convulsed against the hard metal surface of the drum.

"Release her!" commanded Patton.

"Now, Brown. Stand up! Come on, get up this instant. And stop clutching yourself. Keep your hands away by your sides. And do stop that howling! You'll get no sympathy here."

Stephen Carpenter surveyed the squad of girls standing at attention, shivering as the cold wind dried the sweat from their aching bodies. Their eyes registered shock and horror at the scene they had witnessed.

Bill Patton was still addressing the punished girl.

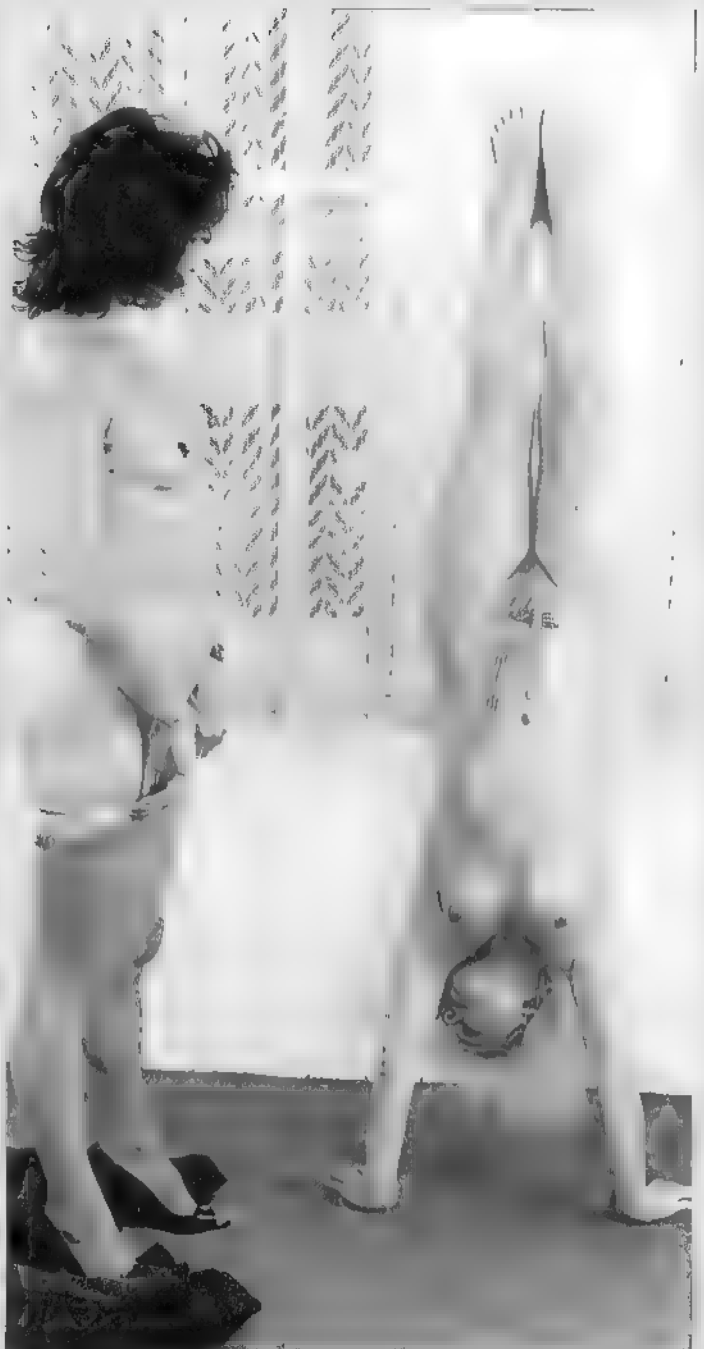
"Your knickers are confiscated for two days. You will report to me tomorrow evening to reclaim them. But now, because you would have been last to finish the course if you hadn't pushed Summers, you must do the run again. Right now. Get moving. If you slacken just once you'll get another dose of the strap. Move!"

Knowing protests were futile, the snivelling teenager turned and scampered away. As she set off the angry red marks left by the tawse stood out vividly upon the whiteness of her plump bottom. She ran as fast as she could, not wanting to give the instructor an excuse to inflict further punishment. Eventually she struggled back to the rest of them, sweating like a pig, with tears streaming down her cheeks. She was sucking air into her burning lungs in great gasps which caused her breasts to shudder.

"Well, Brown. Did you enjoy that? That's what happens to slowcoaches. We'll see who's last tomorrow!" sneered Patton. "But it's getting late. Come on, girls, at the double! It's time for your showers."

Within minutes the girls of C Block were squealing and gasping under jets of ice-cold water, as it washed away sweat and grime and eased the aches in their bodies. It had been a rough initiation into the new regime at Hazeldene.





College Culprit

"For goodness' sake, Susan –" another firm slap is delivered to the soft bouncy bottom-cheeks drawing an instant sharp "Yee-ow!" from the shapely young lady as he concludes, "– stop wriggling!"

Damn it, thinks the hapless girl, how can I! He *always* has to remark on the fact that she cannot lie still, spreadeagled on the table, while he spansks hell out of her – and never has been able to. His firm hand in the small of her back keeps her securely pinned down despite her involuntary wild reactions to the hot stinging in her punished buttocks, as usual. She's lost one shoe already. . .

She cannot fully grasp why she has submitted to the gross indignity of being spanked – not now – at her age! Though she is eighteen years old, with O and A Levels and a year of College behind her – almost nineteen now – she's reduced yet again to feeling like a small girl taking a spanking for being naughty. Even now she's not certain *why* she's being spanked! But she's finding it very demoralising indeed.

She subsides, gasping, her full bottom-cheeks clenched and twitching in anticipation of further 'attention'. The best thing she can do in the circumstances is to take her punishment as quickly as possible: get it over and done with and resume her normal status, she reasons.

The man surveys her fine curves, hopelessly exposed by the neat blue panties so brief as to be almost indecent; lace trimmed at the legs and little more than wide tapes at her hips, perfectly moulded by the attractive fullness they cover, very snug in the crotch she's now displaying unknowingly. He recalls when she wore only plain knickers in navy blue, with elastic at waist and legs; and knee-length white socks. He sighs in soft nostalgia, taking in her lacy provocative suspenders with their small silky bows, and the tan stockings, sheer and taut, emphasising her long slim thighs and making the inches of pale satiny skin above their tops seem very sensual and appealing. He decides she has grown up far too quickly for her own good. The spanking will do her no harm, nor the caning he plans to follow it. Curb that over-

confident, almost haughty manner College has allowed to develop, perhaps – not that this has made any difference to her reactions, so far, and may have *improved* her final conclusions, even.

Susan squirms beneath his hand, irked by the long pause as he reflects, smiling; recalling past triumphs; wondering if she'll plead and promise as she used to, trying to avoid as much punishment as possible.

He nods knowingly and obliges her with another solid slap which brings an instant shrieked "Yowww!" and more furious wriggling. This spanking is *needed*, to re-establish the normal status quo while she's on holiday with him. He wants no trouble from her later.

Already her pale, tender skin is showing pink blotches. Her new feminine sophistication has made no difference to this either. And she's as helpless as ever, oddly enough; almost as if she may be enjoying the whole thing in some reluctant whimsical way.

He continues her 'treatment' until she stops squealing and yelling and can only gasp and pant rapidly, and wriggle like mad.

"Good heavens," he remarks in mock severity, "you didn't make so much fuss when you were a little girl!"

Susan gasps something he cannot hear clearly, in an urgent tone.

He takes no notice and carries on spanking her pinkly-flushed cheeks firmly, making them bounce and wobble and ripple attractively.

'Slap!' . . . 'Smack!' . . . 'Smack!' . . . 'Slap!' . . . he begins to settle into a nice slow rhythm, giving her time to react to each sharp smack. Now she is reduced to jerking convulsively as each connects; weakening fast, much less able to wriggle and kick and struggle.

"Oh, please!" she gasps. "Enough! I'm sorry, I'm sorreeee!"

Her apology goes unheeded, but she keeps on trying. And so does he! On and on and on. 'Smack!' . . . 'Slap!' . . . 'Smack!' Slower still now, as she begins to submit.

Her hands relax from their grip on the edge of the table. She sneaks one back to try to protect her defenceless bottom, now showing bright red patches among its deep pink flush.

He is expecting her to do this. She always does, at this stage: never has accepted the fact that covering-up is not allowed. He

grasps her wrist and against her weak resistance draws her hand up into the small of her back with her moaning, "No more, ple-e-ease!" as he pins her down rigidly again. She sounds quite breathless and hopeless now, lying there with her feet flung widely apart and the faint suspicion of a dark, damp spot in the gusset of her cute panties.

Susan lies still – or as still as she can holding her breath and waiting for some result from her pleas.

He reaches for the cane he has placed handily close. She hears the clatter as he lays this on the table by her side.

"Oh, NO!" she protests. "Not the cane!" She stares at it wide-eyed.

He chuckles wickedly. "Do you no harm, young lady!" he growls, as he releases her wrist and begins to slip her panties down. As she feels his fingers at her hips she draws her feet together quickly, crosses her ankles and tenses her long legs in a natural reflex action to prevent loss of panties and dignity.

This unexpected response makes him stop, for the moment, knowing he has anticipated her a little. He begins to slap her again firmly. Her pliable buttocks bounce and ripple, relaxing nicely as he spansks their soft redness hard enough to leave dull red fingermarks on the hot punished skin. Her other shoe comes off and falls with a small thump to the carpet. He pushes it out of the way with a foot.

Now Susan is gasping and pleading and panting and moaning softly, in a mixed-up jumble of low frantic sound from which he can only pick out, please! and sorry! She can be relied on to plead to the very last, apparently – as usual. As uselessly as ever, of course.

He spansks her slowly, including the sensitive under-curve of her cheeks and the tops of her thighs above her stockings, until she's too breathless to plead and is reduced to low moans and gasps and jerks.

Again her feet are flung widely apart as she tries to struggle. The small dark stain at her crotch is more obvious now, showing against the pale material of her panties. Susan squirms desperately, aware of the fact that she is reacting madly, but almost beyond caring. And certainly not aware that her arousal is so obvious to him!

This time she puts up only a

small token resistance as her panties are slipped over her buttocks, surprising her completely.

"Oh, ple-e-ease - NO!" she wails. "Not on my bare bum! Not with the ca-a-ane, pul-le-e-ease!" Too late she tries to roll about awkwardly.

She hadn't expected that! Not now - at her age! Girls of nineteen almost don't have their knickers taken down - but hers were now well on their way! Her position now is quite indecent and highly embarrassing. This is why he's doing it to her, of course: to embarrass her and make her feel small. Surely he won't take my panties down! she thinks, wrongly. He wouldn't dare! He just wants to make me plead like a child. She determines not to give him this satisfaction. But he does!

"Ee-EEEEK!" she gasps as she feels him tug gently to free the moist cling of her panties from her pussy, and succeeds!

"Oh, do stop squirming, Susan!" he chides her softly, enjoying her futile efforts to retain her cute panties.

"Ooh!" she wails, feeling the panties slip down her thighs. "Don't!" Again she crosses her ankles and tenses her legs until they quiver rigidly, moaning, "Don't cane my bare bum. Ple-e-ease."

Remorselessly she feels the gusset slip down between her knees, her calves, pulled firmly now, to her ankles. Her nylon stockings make it impossible for her to do a thing to prevent this, being so sheer.

"Now!" he growls sternly. "You know what to do, don't you."

Susan gasps, "Oh, no-o-o-o!" knowing he is going to treat her as he did when she was much younger - like a naughty child. Slowly and very reluctantly, trying to look upward and backward over her shoulder and under her arm to see his expression but seeing instead her skirt and her slip over her back and pale bare blank, hip and thigh below her waist she interlaces her fingers and clasps her hands together, taking her weight on her forearms, feet together, knees bent slightly.

He takes up the cane calmly and steps back, making her wait for it, and taking in the erotic sight she is unwillingly providing. He steps close sideways by her position.

Susan shudders briefly, reacting to the cool air on her hot pussy, then puts her chin on her clasped

hands. Her thick dark hair swings forward as she takes up an attitude of submission, her face as hot and flushed with shame and humiliation as her upthrust bottom.

She has no alternative but to submit to whatever he may have in mind for her - and she knows it! And her very exposed position, too!

"My, you are a big girl, now!" he says in a tone of warm appreciation. "I'll bet you have lots of boy-friends at College?"

"Uh-huh," Susan nods miserably. "Yes, I have."

He nods, swishing the cane to and fro absently, making it whistle thinly, smiling slightly.

"I suppose you'll be 'into' all the 'in things' there, by now?" he chuckles softly. "So long as you stay off dope and all that rubbish!"

"Oh, certainly!" she agrees. "I intend to!"

"Good!" he says grimly. "I'm sure you will!"

"Oh, I will. You can rely on it. I will - I promise!" Susan babbles, still unsure just *why* she's being punished, eager to seize any chance to impress him, and agree with him. Damn him! she thinks. How can I plead, or promise, or agree, when I've no idea what I've done wrong?

"Right, then, young lady . . . um . . . three strokes, I think -"

"THREE STROKES!" Susan squeals. "On my bare bottom! For what?" Again she tries to look at him and fails. "What have I done?" she demands.

"Alright," he says mildly, "Six, then, for disagreeing!"

"SIX!" Susan yelps. "Damn it, I -"

"Twelve! For using bad language and bad temper," he intones softly.

Twelve strokes! Susan nods reluctantly in hopeless agreement, knowing she can't win with him in this mood, suddenly unsure if she can take twelve strokes now without disgracing herself.

Suddenly - 'Shwitt!' . . . 'Shwitt!' . . . 'Shwit!' . . . 'Shwit!' with no warning the cane lances across her tense clenched cheeks, blotting out the sting from her spanking, imprinting four fine white lines across the dull pink skin. He pauses and watches her jerk and spread helplessly as the lines glow to bright redness with her wailing "Neennngh!" and trying to hold her position, teeth clenched tightly, back arched and head well up now. Again her feet are well apart,

unintentionally, giving him a glimpse of her cute pussy and her dark curly pubic hair.

She regains control and subsides slowly, gasping, "Mmmmmh!"

He grins approval, seeing that she has slipped towards him as she always used to. So much for her newly acquired adult manner. Her legs hang clear of the table from her knees now. The tiny panties are long-gone; slipped or kicked free. Her arms are stretched above her head.

With his hands at her hips he eases her gently back, until her legs bend from the hips and her feet touch the carpet. There is a soft squeak of perspiring skin as Susan slides into this position. Unbidden, she clasps her hands, fingers interlaced as before.

Fussily he slips the cane between her legs, at her knees, runs it slowly up her inner thigh. She cries, "Ooh!" sharply as it reaches the top, slips across, and runs down her other leg. She adopts a feet apart stance, pathetically knock-kneed and slightly pidgeon-toed. He repeats the slow movement of the cane in the reverse direction, pausing at the highest point to urge her gently but firmly until she straightens her legs and arches her back to elevate her hips nicely.

"You have grown, Susan," he says coolly, masking his own mild arousal well, noting that her long slim legs are still bent at the knees.

He strikes again without warning - 'Shwitt!' . . . 'Shwitt!' . . . 'Shwitt!' . . . 'Shwitt!' - adding four more neat fiery lines to her suffering red cheeks, wringing an instant "Aah-mmmmh!" from her as she does an awkward little dance on tip-toes, swinging her hips wildly from side to side, completely out of control.

When she calms down he sees that she is pouting, moist and ripe now; nicely aroused despite her earlier reluctance and accepting this far better than she ever did when younger. Unwilling and ashamed she may be, quivering with indignation, but - he made a spot decision to let her off the last four strokes. She didn't need them! She lay there moaning softly far back in her throat.

"Superb!" he breathed, impressed. "I suppose you're on the pill - with all those boyfriends?" he chuckles. "That's a 'must', I'll bet!"

"Umm," Susan nods quickly. "Almost everyone is these days," she mutters. "It saves so many pro-

blems."

"Hmmm!" he muses very softly. "Yes," he smiles, "I can imagine."

He guesses this may well be the last spanking she'll take from him, and Susan seems to sense this also. He slips his left hand under her angling his wrist until his fingers slip into her coarse curly hair and she gasps "Ohhh!" and jerks back to meet his other hand. She tries briefly to get her knees together, but he prevents this by stepping up close behind her holding her legs apart with his own. This is but a token show of reluctance and they both know it.

Susan sighs softly and begins to respond to his experienced touch, becoming much more moist quite quickly, gasping "Ooh!" and "Ah!" hips jerking slightly at each exclamation. He decides to surprise her one final time, asks mildly, "Well?"

"Oh, yes!" the hapless Susan gasps. "Now!" she squeals. "Quickly-y-y!"

"You young people have no manners at all," he comments wryly.

"Please - damn it! Oh-h-h! PLE-E-EASE!!!"

"That's much better," he says, obliging her almost immediately, hands at her hips holding her steady as he enters, then allowing her to slowly subside until she is fully impaled, wailing, "Oooogh!" and wriggling sensually as her natural passion takes her.

Within seconds, it seems, she reaches her peak, climaxing strongly and almost eagerly, gasping a long "Ah-h-h-h!" of sheer satisfaction, but still willing to go on.

"You'd better watch your step, young lady," he chuckles again. "If those boyfriends of your find out how you react to being spanked, you may be in trouble."

"Hmph!" is all the comment Susan has the breath to make, but it has a wealth of meaning. For the first time that evil little chuckle of his hasn't made her feel like a child. Much more the reverse, in fact. She'd heard that many girls gain their first sexual experience from their uncles, but she never really believed this.

But he always was her favourite uncle, from as far back as she can remember. Now, he's made her feel very adult indeed.

"More?" he asks considerately, impressed by her sensuality.

She nods breathlessly, beyond speech for the moment; a limp vic-

tim of her own unexpectedly fierce natural instinctive emotions.

In any case, she decides in some remote cool corner of her mind, I probably deserved a good spanking, the haughty way I've been acting ever since I got here. Probably do me a world of good.

It won't do her a bit of harm, her favourite uncle decides, as he senses her beginning to reach her peak again, less furiously this time. He sighs softly, contented, knowing he's helped his favourite niece to a very successful conclusion.

"Good holiday, Sue?" Valerie asked, slightly breathlessly.

"Uh-huh," Susan replied, jogging easily alongside.

The two girls were jogging alone. It was early on the first Saturday after their return from the long Summer vacation. Neither had yet settled down into the routine of the Polytechnic. Unusually there were no boy-friends accompanying them. They wore shorts and Tee shirts.

"You went to stay on a farm, or something, didn't you?"

"Yes. With my uncle and aunt. It was a nice, quiet break. Very relaxing and unhurried."

"Hmm." Valerie fell back a couple of paces. "By the look of your bum you must have been mixed up with a combine-harvester, or something. You're still showing the bruises."

"Oh!" Susan felt her cheeks blush hotly. "I . . um . . I was . . ah . . spanked, for -"

"Spanked! on your bum!" Valerie sounded amazed. "At your age?" she went on, giving Susan no chance to complete her sentence. "Who by?"

"My uncle - and I deserved it, too!"

"One of the old fashioned rural types, I'll bet. I'd like to see anyone spank *me* - no way!"

"That's what I thought," Susan admitted, blushing fiercely. "But I was wrong. Anyhow, it was well worth it."

"Why? How? What do you mean?"

Susan jogged on steadily, allowing her furious blush to fade; speeding-up slightly to prevent Val from noticing.

"Come on, tell me?" Valerie, panting, demanded. "I don't understand."

"You would, if you had an uncle like mine. He's an *expert*!"

"At spanking you?"

"Uh-huh!" Susan nodded, smiling as she recalled the last few minutes of her still-unexplained chastisement as she'd done many times since it had happened to her. Yet again she felt the sudden warmly sensual ache between her legs and couldn't resist adding, "And my aunt, too, I expect, though I'm not certain about that, I -"

"Well!" Valerie interrupted again, "he wouldn't spank *me*!"

"Do you good perhaps. It's such a terrific turn-on, afterwards."

"You're joking!"

"No, I'm not." Susan grinned. "I wouldn't have believed it myself. But it is!"

"Hmm! Perhaps I should take a country holiday? They go in for that sort of thing, do they?"

"I don't really know, but my uncle certainly does. Just between the two of us you should try it sometime, Val, I'm sure you'd enjoy it." Susan chuckled at the thought of Valerie, spread-eagled; helpless, hot, and vulnerable, taking a spanking, then a swift caning after it. "Yes, Val. I'm certain you would. You're built for it, anyhow."

"And how do I go about arranging it, with an expert?"

Susan felt an inner glow of pure satisfaction, knowing she'd almost convinced Valerie, her best friend. Knowing also that arranging for her spanking would be simple. A few quiet words with her current boyfriend and it would be well in hand. Robert wouldn't waste any time.

And it was. Robert liked the thought immediately. . .

"Oh! Stop it, you beast!" Valerie yelled, squirming madly.

Once again Robert's large, heavy hand slapped down and connected with her exposed, indefensible buttocks. Valerie was instantly rigid in pain and shock. Due to the unusual position she was in, her bottom was offered openly for his attention. He held her so with one hand in the small of her back, easily. Valerie's head was so close to the carpet she wasn't able to look up and back to see his broad smile. She had to support herself flat-handed on the floor, or she would have slipped.

She shook her head in sheer fury, tears of self-pity in her eyes.

"Let me up!" she demanded. "Robert, please." She rolled and

She reads music-

"She's clever, she's smart, she reads music - she doesn't smoke or drink gin, like I do".

You may recognise these lines from a song in the film of Christopher Isherwood's *Book*; they say pretty well everything about what one automatically thinks of girls who take music lessons, don't they?





Of course she doesn't smoke or drink gin. (Even if she were old enough she wouldn't). She doesn't pick her nose or get taken to bed by butcher's boys; she very likely wears two different pairs of knickers in the same day. Says 'please' and 'thank you' very politely and would blush instantly at the idea that she might have to take her pants down and have her bottom smacked!





Cold Comfort And Hot Bottoms

In the seclusion of the disused West wing squeals and weeping went unheard by anyone else; Elaine's fat young bottom can be abused by the stinging cane to the complete satisfaction of Miss Kirby whilst Julie is left for last - like a juicy cherry on a cake



and now - by the time the weekend is over the going to be one bottom which won't be sitting comfortable in class on Monday morning



Kirby gives Julie a last kiss. Kirby's wife and
depart. But there's another...

kicked awkwardly, feet unable to touch the floor, pointing up toward the ceiling almost. "Spank me once more and I'll never speak to you again!"

Somehow Robert had her kneeling in the easy chair in her own room, in the Hall of Residence. At that time, just after dinner there was no-one about on the upper floors to help her, even if her wild cries and pleas could be heard out in the corridor through the firmly bolted door. Her shins were wedged against one arm of the chair, her tummy rested on the other arm. Hopelessly out of balance she was; bottom-up, skirt up round her ears – helpless. Completely at Robert's mercy, Valerie had quickly learned that he wasn't about to show her much.

Wildly she tried to think what had landed her in this ridiculous and humiliating position. Obviously Susan had something to do with it. She silently vowed to extract revenge on her friend.

"Will you do as you're told, now?" Robert asked softly.

"No – damn you! Let me up!"

Again the large hand swept down and connected with her soft, pinkly blotched cheeks, making them ripple and bounce as she squealed "YOW-w-w!"

"You will, later!" Robert chuckled. "Let me know when, okay?"

He went on spanking her steadily, despite her weak attempts to get herself free, or into a less exposed position, until she had no breath left to yell and squeal. Finally he stopped and shook his stinging hand.

Valerie knelt there and panted rapidly, feeling quite oddly subdued but reluctant to admit this, unsure of what may happen next if she did; certain now what would continue to happen if she didn't. She was badly demoralised by the furiously hot stinging pain and shocked at the way Robert had taken advantage of her, and shamed and humbled and resigned to her fate at his hands. She knew she was mastered and may as well admit it. She wriggled in suppressed temper.

"Well, Val, love?"

"Alright!" she snapped. "I'll do as I'm told, you needn't be so hard and macho about it."

"Good! Hold still."

Valerie felt Robert's hand lift from her back. She sighed, then gasped, "Oh, don't!" trying to kick as she felt his hands at her hips, slipping her panties down over her

hot buttocks.

"Oh, don't!" Robert mocked softly.

"Robe-e-e-r-r-t! Leave my pants alone! Let me up, please!"

"Later, love." Another deep chuckle. "You'll look better without."

"OH-h-h-h!" Valerie wriggled helplessly as her brief panties were slipped down and tugged to her knees, making her even more helpless. And immediately making her feel very naked and terribly humiliated.

"There! What did I tell you."

Valerie's totally exposed cheeks tensed until they quivered. The removal of the very doubtful protection of her panties left her tense, dreading Robert's next move, knowing that she was about to lose control of her emotions, already feeling mildly aroused as Sue had told her she would only that morning.

Robert smiled silently. He hadn't really believed Susan, but it was all happening as she'd told him it would. He could sense Val's pending arousal; knew she was sexy when aroused normally; tried to guess what she'd be like soon. He had to restrain himself from spanking her silly. He guessed she'd been spanked enough, now.

"Shall we say six?" he asked mildly.

"Six!" Valerie had clean forgotten the caning Susan had warned her of. "Six-what?"

"Strokes, of course." Yet another chuckle from Robert. "Your belt, or mine. You choose."

Valerie tried to recall which belt she was wearing, and if his was thinner and lighter. She couldn't remember. While she was still trying to consider this – SLAP! – and she was yelling "YEE-ow-w-w!" jerking and rolling wildly with a wide red stripe across her cute bum-cheeks.

Robert watched her futile struggles, smiling, his own belt in his hand. He'd never realised the full effect of a belt well applied to a pair of well spanked buttocks. He waited until Valerie calmed down a little, then he gave her another smoothly delivered sharp stroke, raising another wide red stripe across both tightly clenched quivering cheeks and an instant wailed "YAH-h-oo-oo!"

This time Valerie's tense reflex struggles were less violent, as if she was weakening, somehow. Robert gazed, fascinated, at the two dull red stripes he'd imprinted

on her soft, full cheeks. Now he was convinced she'd give him no further trouble. Already he caught the musky tang of her arousal. He doubted she'd need six strokes.

Valerie shuddered, gasping. "Oh, you swine!" she panted. "That was a belt! On my bare bum!" she protested weakly.

"You're supposed to count the strokes."

"Count!" Valerie wailed indignantly. "I won't! I refuse to –"

"Okay, love," Robert interrupted calmly.

He swung his belt again, brought it down accurately, curling across her squirming cheeks. Lower this time. Another sharp – SLAP! – as it created another neat red stripe, and another shrieked "WAH-oo-oo!" from Valerie, followed by rapid gasps that weren't too far from being sobs.

As she rolled and kicked and writhed he said: "Three!" adding coolly, "Don't worry about counting; I'll count for you, love."

Valerie raised an arm, her hand palm-up trying to shield her red, punished bottom. Her bottom was one concentrated area of stinging pain; she had no idea where best to cover it, moaning, "No more, pleas-s-se!"

Robert solved the problem by gripping her wrist and easing her hand up into the small of her back, well out of his way, making her totally helpless. Now she had to take her unbalanced weight on only one hand.

Robert watched her wriggle into several awkward positions, none too steady, or very comfortable, then – SLAP! – another fiery stroke with no warning followed by his calm, "Four!"

All Valerie could do was to shake her hips madly from side to side as she sought to pacify the hot stinging pain, pleading, "Enough! No more, please. I'll do anything you tell me to. . . Anything!"

"Yes," Robert agreed, catching a wiff of her, warm and sensual. "I'm sure you will, love."

Valerie had spread her knees widely apart. She was unknowingly displaying her pussy, pouting attractively and enticingly moist now.

Robert said: "Five!" suiting his word with sudden action. SLAP! – and another fiery-red stripe appeared like magic across her cute bouncy cheeks, below the other four. Robert felt her shudder as the stripe bloomed to full, deep redness.

Valerie moaned deep in her throat; a hopeless forlorn sound of final submission as she realised she was about to climax uncontrollably.

And she did, seconds later.

One more stroke across the tops of her thighs to Robert's count of "Six!" and she reached her peak. This involved an involuntary awkward little lewd dance, on her knees; desperately sensual unintended writhing and jerking of her shapely hips – a shameless show of her arousal.

She wailed, "Oh! .. OH-H-h-h!" paused and became tensely rigid for a few shuddering seconds, then she relaxed moaning, "AH-h-h-h-h!" as she slid down further over the arm of the chair until her thighs pressed against its inner surface. Robert released her wrist, but she didn't move, just lay there panting quickly.

"Now," Robert muttered, hands stroking her hot reddened curves, "you get the reward." He was enthralled at the way she flinched at his touch.

"Yes, please!" she mumbled to surprise him. He hadn't thought she'd heard his soft words. "Oh, yes – pleas-s-se. Oh, Robe-e-ert."

As she felt his firm hands at her hips, easing her up and back into a better, more comfortable position, Valerie sighed softly. She gasped once as Robert entered her, then thrust madly back towards him, making it easy for him, encouraging him to greater efforts.

Without warning, to surprise them both, she shrieked "OH-h-h, Rob-ERRRT!" as she climaxed again as he sought maximum penetration, and achieved it, finally.

Valerie had an odd clear thought. Susan had been right: the reward *was* worth all the hot stinging punishment, and the indignity and the total humiliation prior to the unwilling submission and the final frantic arousal and climax. She'd do her very best to make sure that Susan experienced it herself as soon as possible. . . . Stan, her very best boyfriend would attend to Susan, after Robert had a few words with him on the subject, in confidence, of course.

Susan wasn't too surprised when she heard the gentle tap on her door. Valerie, she thought, and called, "Come in, Val."

"Hi, Sue." She was surprised to hear Stan's deep voice. And she'd just had a shower and was wearing

nothing but panties and her short robe! She was suddenly very conscious that the robe barely covered her bum! What an awkward time for him to come calling, she thought quickly, as she turned her back on him.

"Sit down and look out of the window, while I get dressed," she suggested. "What do you want, at this time?"

"I came all the way up here to show you something, and you turn your back on me." Stan sounded rueful as he added, "Come here, and see."

"See what?" Susan turned, unsuspecting. "Is it important?"

Stan sat on the edge of her bed. The rooms were arranged as bedsits, with a desk for studying, a smallish easy chair, and not much spare space. Susan didn't trust either her own, or Stan's self-control far enough to feel comfortable under these circumstances – not the way she was dressed – or undressed!

Stan smiled at her mildly. "Come on, I'll show you."

Still wondering at the true reason for this unexpected visit Susan sat down by him on the bed. "Show me what?" She leaned over to try to see what he may have had in his hands. Knowing him, it could be almost anything; the oddest things appealed to his sense of wry humour. His arm went round her shoulders, drew her closer, making her lean awkwardly.

"This," he said as he pulled her over his knees, sprawling off balance, face down. "You'll enjoy it, Sue. I know you will."

Susan regretted having sat down, instantly. She should have trusted her first instinct: to stay well away from him. She had an odd sensation – a premonition almost – of what he intended. No way! she thought, trying frantically to wriggle free, guessing that Stan intended to spank her.

"Sta-a-an!" Susan pleaded, "Don't – not now!"

No response. But Stan held her firmly and sat further back, angling himself so that while her head was well on the bed her leg slipped off as she squirmed. Her other leg was held firmly on the bed.

Susan tried to raise her leg, to cross her ankles, but couldn't. Stan had taken her unawares and was now slowly arranging her over his knees as he wanted her. Nothing like this had happened to Susan before; she'd been taken un-

awares, out of the blue. Suddenly her temper flared.

"Oh, no you don't!" she muttered, rolling and wriggling madly.

SMACK! Stan's flat hand slapped down on her upper thigh, hard enough to sting hotly. The shock and surprise stopped Susan dead; took her breath away and left her gasping.

Unhurriedly Stan pinned her down as he wanted her; one leg stretched out straight on the bed, the other in a kneeling position on the floor. His left arm rested down her back, his hand firmly holding her waist, his elbow between her shoulders.

Susan did the only thing she could – or she tried to – succeeded in getting her arm back so that her hand protected her bottom.

"Stan!" she cried sharply. "Let me go!"

"Pardon?" Stan guessed what she'd said, though he couldn't hear her too clearly as her face was pressed deep into the soft quilt. He removed the doubtful protection of her hand by tucking her arm between his legs and crossing his ankles to hold it there firmly. Susan knew now what was coming. She began to struggle again, more weakly now.

SMACK! Stan delivered another stinging flat-hander on her other slim thigh, with the same result as before. Susan lay still gasping quickly, wriggling her hips furiously. Finally she turned her head far enough to say slowly and icily: "Don't you dare slap me again!"

"Or – what?" Stan asked coolly. "You deserve it, Sue; it's your own fault, so don't sound so damned indignant. You had a sly word with Robert, and Val got hers. She had a word with me, so now it's your turn. Keep still! You're going to enjoy this – I know I am."

"Oh!" Susan gasped, suddenly very conscious of what she was wearing, and more importantly, what she wasn't wearing. In her present helpless position he bum felt as if it was sticking up a yard in the air. She could only guess where her robe had got to, and what she was showing. She flushed hotly at this thought.

Stan smiled, gazing down at the sight of her trim buttocks in the brief, neat-fitting panties taut over her attractive curves and with odd, stray curly hairs on show between her legs.

Susan felt him tug her belt free

BELOW STAIRS

Wakened at eleven o'clock and not allowed to dress, Julie is shooed downstairs in the darkness and left in the cellar while Miss Kirby dresses for the part she really likes playing. Miss Kirby reappears —







and squealed "Sta-a-an!" NO!" as she felt it come loose, knowing it was a useless plea as he pushed her loose-fitting robe well up her back, easing the pressure of his arm to tuck it up to her shoulders, then pinning her down again helpless. She had never felt so hotly humiliated in her whole life! Forced to lie there, spread-eagled almost, face-down with her bottom fully exposed!

"Now, let's find out how you like it, Sue," Stan muttered slowly.

"Spank me once more, and I'll scream!" Susan drew in a deep breath.

Stan waited until she had to let this go, then he began to spank hell out of her defenceless resilient bum-cheeks, steadily, making them ripple and bounce and wobble while she gasped, unable to protest loudly. He counted the slaps to himself, and stopped at thirty.

Susan's soft curves were now an uneven blotchy pink, as were the tops of her thighs. She writhed slowly, moaning softly and muttering words he couldn't hear clearly. Threats perhaps? Or curses? Stan grinned happily; satisfied with the results she was providing despite her obvious reluctance. He'd expected much more resistance from her, and more noise. The whole exercise was much easier than he'd thought it might be. And very exciting! Stan liked the feeling of mastery, and the furious arousal Susan was unknowingly generating. Stan intended her to get the full benefit of this, later.

Susan guessed this, knowing she was about to submit. Already the oddly familiar tingle of arousal was affecting her. Her neat, shapely pussy was hot and sudden internal electric spasms thrilled her wildly. Now she was far too weak to resist Stan, or even to struggle convincingly.

"Stan, please!" she made a last futile plea.

"All in good time, Sue. Don't rush me, love," Stan muttered slowly. "I'm enjoying this as much as you are." He sensed the state she was in and ran his fingers slowly up her soft inner thigh until he cupped her pussy, feeling its warm moistness through the gusset of her panties. She gasped and squirmed slowly, clenching her buttocks tightly, legs quivering at his galvanic touch, trying to arch-up involuntarily.

Stan patted her soft, fluid bum-

cheeks gently, stroking her slowly, calming her tenseness. He knew, instinctively, she was well away now.

"Oh, don't!" Susan protested weakly as he slipped her panties back over her full soft cheeks and down to her thighs.

Susan felt herself lifted and turned and laid full-length on the bed, bottom up. Her wrists were gripped and her arms raised above her head until her hands touched the headboard.

"Hold onto that," Stan said gruffly.

Obediently Susan's hands gripped the edges of the low headboard weakly, arms quivering slightly as her panties were slipped down past her knees to her ankles, and off over her feet. Again she felt the sudden flush of abject humiliation as her feet were spread widely apart against her token resistance. "Stan, please!" she pleaded.

Again he stroked her hot, stinging buttocks lightly. Terribly erotic effects immediately gripped Susan, making her twitch and spasm, her long legs jerking tensely. Stan's firm hand in the small of her back stopped her from moving, keeping her helpless and obedient.

The erotic stroking stopped. Susan squealed "OO-oh!" as Stan's eager fingers slipped up between her spread thighs, tantalizing and tormenting her hot pussy until she was writhing uncontrollably, becoming much more moist there as she was aroused unmercifully, almost beyond endurance. Susan sighed, knowing she was fast losing control.

"You're marvellous, when your aroused like this, Sue." Stan stopped his highly erotic fingering, allowing Susan to calm down a little.

"Keep that up," Susan panted, "and you'll have me off!" She strove to sound indignant, but failed.

"This is what I wanted to show you," Stan said, ignoring her.

Susan refused to even try to look, just lay there struggling silently to regain some control, teeth clenched and her eyes firmly closed.

Suddenly - SHWIT! . . . SHWIT! . . . SHWIT! . . . SHWIT! and she was gasping and wriggling furiously with the four thin lines from the cane Stan was wielding clearly imprinted across the fullness of her

twitching bum-cheeks, turning bright red against the duller pink of her punished skin. The shock was so unexpected that she was unable to cry out in loud protest, but was instantly rigid, jerking and rolling wildly. Her hands clutched the headboard tensely as she shuddered down her full length, the stinging seeming to burn into her, reacting very strongly sexually. Hot tears stung her eyes.

Stan caught the sharp tang of her hopelessly strong arousal as she reacted helplessly, stimulated to her limit, moaning, "No more!" . . . "Enough!" . . . "Oh, Stan, no more." . . . "I'm - oh! - I'm going to -"

"That's four!" Stan said, "and -" SHWIT! . . . SHWIT! - "two more makes six. Now you can -"

"AAA-a-ah!" Susan shrieked softly, "I'm c-c, I'm C-COMIN-n-n-ng!"

And she did! Strongly and at some length, putting great effort into it, kicking rigidly and writhing in her final furious passion.

Stan waited until she relaxed and began panting softly and quickly. Gently he eased her hands from the headboard of the bed, then turned her over until she flat on her back, spread-eagled limply.

Susan had no clear idea of what was happening. She lay unresisting, rolling her head slowly from side to side, eyes closed and her full lower lip gripped between her teeth. Her face was as red as her well-punished bottom, still showing the shame and humiliation she no longer cared about. She wailed softly, "Oh, Stan, please! Now! NOW!!!"

As Stan obliged her lustily he said simply, "Stop pleading! You're the culprit; the one who started all this. You asked for it!"

"Oh!" Susan gasped, hotly indignant. "oh, you rotten devil! I've never been so humiliated." She sighed as she was subdued quickly, submitting to him willingly, reacting strongly, complaining softly, "I've never been so thoroughly taken advantage of before - ever!"

There was a short silence as Stan penetrated her as thoroughly as he'd taken advantage of her. Then he said innocently: "I'll bet you've never been screwed so thoroughly before either."

Susan hadn't the breath or the interest to argue that point. She was far too busy responding to his gentle urging. . .

HALF-TERM PUNISHMENT

Four lovely girls consigned to a weekend of schoolgirl discipline at the home of Mr Forbes; humiliation is an essential ingredient of Mr Forbes' methods, with the butler and various casual visitors invited to 'lend a hand' with the girls when it's knickers-down time! Almost an hour long!

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SALLY'S
FIRST LESSON



A BLUSHES VIDEO

THE SPANKING INTERVIEWS NO. 1 THE SPANKING INTERVIEWS NO. 2

When your favourite spanking magazine Editor puts an ad in the paper for models he is very surprised at the result. Not only do amateur models apply but also a top fashion one, there are a couple of beautiful girls you will have seen in the pages of MEN ONLY and CLUB INTERNATIONAL, a schoolgirl trying for her first job, the reluctant girlfriend brought along by a well known London playboy and the usual city secretary trying to make the big time. With the editors secretary getting a girl from the local coffee bar during lunch break, it makes a total of 9 girls. What happens to them?? Well somehow our lecherous editor manages to persuade them they should "audition". Using canes, a switch, strap, slipper, riding crop, a tawse and hair brush and not forgetting the old school ruler, and his very red hand, each of them ends up being thoroughly punished and abused, not to mention interfered with.

The result on the girls is very interesting indeed and should not be missed, we see a young very reluctant blonde turned into a screaming nympho with even 2 men and 1 girl beating her and playing with her at the same time, and unable to give her satisfaction. You will also see a very "upper crust" lady with a fantastic brown body, beaten to a point of sexual arousal where she cannot resist interfering with herself. Then there are the 2 girls who have always been close friends find their friendship takes on a new meaning before your very eyes as they are beaten at the same time and can only find solice in each other. THESE SCENES ARE REAL AND HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE STOKY LINE. THEY WERE FILMED AS THEY HAPPENED... and there is more... and you will see many tears.

To say the publishers were pleased with the result is an understatement, so much so that they were unable to decide on enough to cut out so we end up with almost hour long films. EACH PRICED AT £45.00.

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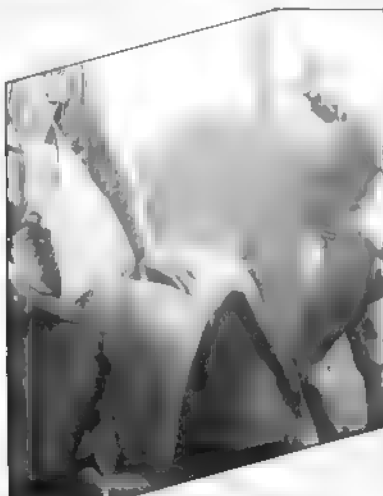


Away from home for the first time, two girls who have behaved disappointingly at home are sentenced to a weekend of disciplinary training such that they will never want to repeat; cold dips in the pool first thing in the morning are the least of their problems!

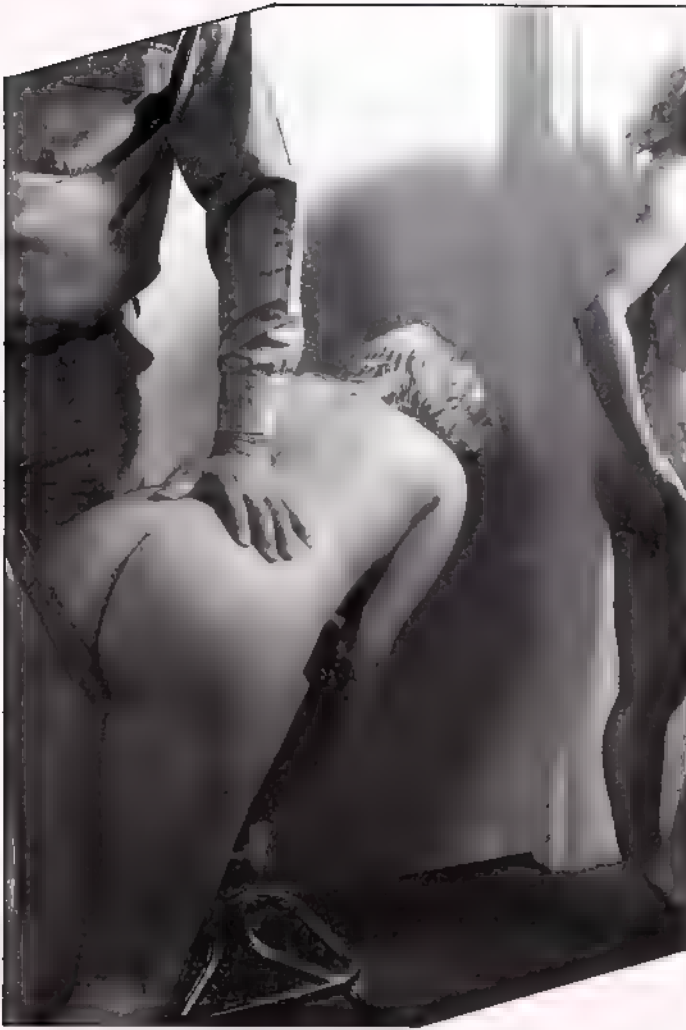
The girls are first made to change into outfits which will afford ready access to their bottoms during the course of their first day with their disciplinarian host, then the maid is summoned and 'made an example of' so that the girls are left with no illusions as to what's in store for them if they do not toe the line.

Mr. Quigley wastes no time in finding an opportunity to introduce the girls themselves to the realities of a well-spanked bottom; the girls are adequately and tearfully impressed!





First thing next morning, with the sun hardly above the horizon, both girls are bullied into the cold swimming pool, quite naked, then 'exercised' with plenty of stimulating flicks across their chilled bottoms when they fail to come up to their disciplinarian host exacting expectations; then there are 'swimming lessons', out of the water, with spanking and canings which do little to improve their stroke but liven them up considerably! The maid too comes in for retributive punishment and no matter how used to it she ought to be she still makes more of a fuss than Mr. Quigley judges to be appropriate; the girl will have to be caned!



A short series of extracts is appended to this video for the benefit of those who have missed 'Half-term Punishments' and 'Sally's First Lesson'.



and caned she is, after dinner that evening, face down on the dining room table, while the two girls are not to escape either before their bottoms too have been thoroughly warmed again by the enthusiastic Mr. Quigley!



Letters

Dear Sirs,

May I express my very sincere thanks for your courtesy and efficiency in forwarding HALF-TERM PUNISHMENTS to me by return. You may be certain that you now have a regular customer. As to the video, the one word for it is 'blissful'!

If, hopefully, you are making further spanking videos, might I propose the addition of at least the suggestion of sex after spankings. This could be implied rather than shown. Somewhat 'cheekily' I am attaching a proposed script for the ending to a spanking episode.

Thanks again.

East Sussex

Dear Sir,

Since it is your intention to continue 'Blushes' on well-researched and well-established themes of young and middle aged ladies being admonished for their failures it occurs to me that you would do very well to seriously consider including an illustrated article, or a series of features, associated with the subject of the Penitent Nun.

For centuries the disciplines of the closed Orders of Sisterhood have engaged the enquiring mind and literally hundreds of books and illustrations have been published ever since the days of Boccaccio in the 14cc, the Decameron and the writings of Rabelais in the 16cc. Men's interest in the penances of Nuns continued and considerably increased in Victorian times and is of no less interest now.

There is a great deal of both factual and fictional information on the various Orders of Nuns to be found in the comparatively recent book "The Nuns" written by Marcelle Bernstein published by Collins which could provide the substance for a very informative and thoughtful feature on the Contrite Nun and her disciplinary and reformatory treatment. Published biographies of ex-nuns also endorse the facts that appear in that book.

I cannot believe it beyond your creative ability to present some of your models as nuns or junior postulants. Their habits and vest-

ments for the purpose would be easily obtainable, just as they are available for the casts of theatrical companies staging shows such as the 'Sound of Music' or the recent opera production in London in which the major part of the cast were dressed as nuns. Young women are received into an Order as postulants from the age of 16 or 17 up to middle age which could offer you a wide choice in casting pious-looking models for the role of the Contrite and Penitent Nun.

Accuracy of dress would be most important so as to convey to your readers the illusion of being privy to the penalties awarded to sinful and slothful nuns. A description of a nun's underwear can be found in the previously mentioned book 'The Nuns'. The accent on all the nun's clothing and habit is of austerity and economy. A postulant or novice entering one of the closed Orders is provided with a soft flannel vest, pants, a straight bodice and plain underslip. Over all is worn the scapular on the shoulders and a close fitting cap enclosing the hair is worn under the starched wimple. There are some Orders where the hair of the head is still cropped or worn short but this discipline is not now commonly enforced.

Before the turn of the century nuns wore no underclothing, since when they adopted over the years various hard-wearing undergarments ranging from convent-made longcloth drawers reaching to the knee and serge knickerbocker-type breeches closed below the knee for warmth and economy, but nowadays particularly in the more affluent and better endowed closed Orders they have taken to mass-produced knickers but still with the accent on austerity, decorum and economy. Short stockings of lisle or cotton are worn in warm weather, gartered at or above the knee, whilst in colder times long warm stockings suspended from the bodice and meeting at the closed legs of the bloomer-type knickers are adopted for warmth and decency in the dormitory.

Nuns do not wear brassieres, stays or corsetry except on medical advice, hence there is no constriction of the body. Since the nuns in closed Orders do not engage in outside pursuits or sporting recreation their figures are never exposed to the sun or weather hence their bottoms, like their souls, should be as white as the driven

snow.

Nuns found failing in the many strict standards of propriety and who are ready, or needing, to be punished according to the accepted code of their particular Order are dealt with summarily. Strictures include such impositions as undue friendliness with another nun, the breaking of imposed silences or the sin of sleeping with the arms inside the sheets of her cot. Any indulgence in fact. Penalties awarded vary considerably but the formal and physical punishment may be given to nuns or novices by, and carried out in the presence of, the Prioress, Abbess or the Mother Superior, or by a Monitor Nun chosen and appointed for the purpose of upholding the dignity and discipline of the Convent. Less commonly known, the visiting Chaplain or Prelate may, at his discretion upon receiving a nun's confession, chastise her if she has a wish, or a reason, to need such absolution. The possible advantage of the latter form of atonement is that it is a private matter which goes unrecorded and remains something between the priest and the nun's conscience.

Physical chastisement may be administered, formally or discriminately, either in the privacy of the nun's cell or some other place set apart for the purpose, or in the office or vestry of the Chaplain, bound over some piece of ecclesiastical furniture, reversed upon a prie-dieu or genuflecting on a section of altar rail. To be "sent to the altar rail" or simply "to the rail" is synonymous with the intent to impose a discipline.

Correction is usually carried out with the institutional cane or, occasionally in some closed orders where such an item is adopted, where the leather belt worn by a nun or novice around the waist of her habit and which is regarded for this further purpose as appropriate to her state of divestment and humility.

There is a great richness of thought to be gained through the contemplation of the rigid disciplines of the Convent or Nunnery—far more than can be hinted at in this letter. With your artistry and editing ability I feel certain that you could give your readers an enormous amount of quiet pleasure by revealing something of what happens to disobedient yet submissive nuns behind the closed walls of the Nunnery.

Arnold Hall

Dear Sir,

Well, what a magazine you produce! I have to admit that the right of all those naughty girls getting their just deserts, really does something for me, which as a fellow naughty girl, albeit in her thirties, it should not!

I have to admit that I have not yet had the courage to go into a shop during a trip to London to buy your magazine, I have to rely on my boyfriend bringing it down at weekends. I suppose that I have always been into C.P.

One of my earliest recollections, as a girl, is seeing a BBC production of "Jane Eyre" in which Jane was caned, right at the start by Mr. Brocklehurst, which as you know, is rather different from the way Charlotte Bronte wrote it. My earliest school memory is being sent to the Headmistress at 5 years old, for some terrible crime, and thinking throughout the lecture that I got, that at any moment I would be put across a chair and caned. I wasn't! I can recall several wackings at junior school and as a fourth year (10 or 11 years old) being made on several occasions to take my plymsol out to the teacher, a woman, and then being beaten on the bottom with it! When I was 11 I was sent to an all girls Church of England Secondary school. Things at church schools in the late 1950's early 1960's were a great deal different to the way they are today. Uniform was compulsory, white blouses, white socks, blue skirts and of course, navy blue knickers. We had to wear what the rules called "sensible shoes". Girls could also wear stockings, if they wished, tights were either too expensive, or just unobtainable. Then of course, there was the cane. On our first day the Headmistress, how I feared that woman!! told us that the cane was used, regularly, in the school. We would, she told us, normally be caned on our bottoms.

We all lived in fear of a caning for the first few months of the term. We heard about other girls getting it in other forms. I even overheard a caning, but I never saw one, until just before Christmas. The Headmistress caned two fourth formers in front of the whole school. Being a first year I was right at the front of the hall, my nose being only about eight feet away from the two girls tightly navy blue knickered bottoms, down upon which the Head-

mistress brought the cane time and time again. Oh how the two girls howled! I got a really funny feeling in my tummy, which at the time I did not understand. Not long after some girls in my class got caned – again I got that strange feeling!

My first caning was a couple of months later. It was a cold day and instead of being outside at break some of us were hanging around inside, the prefects kept chasing us out, but as soon as they had gone we returned. Suddenly Miss Hunt appeared on the scene. She was a young mistress, attractive and most of us girls had a "crush" on her. Instead of chasing us out she rounded all of us up, about a dozen girls in all and marched us up to her room. She herded us in and made us stand in one corner, she got her cane out, and each girl went forward in turn to be caned. The older girls were caned first, four strokes each on the bottom, skirts up. It was a weird feeling seeing them caned and knowing that it would be your turn in a few minutes. I was really shaking when she finally pointed her cane at me. She told me to grip my ankles, she lifted my skirt back and hit me! The pain was unbelievable! I really howled! Then I got a second stroke, and that was it! I left her room, like the other girls, crying bitterly. Sitting down was not easy, I can tell you! I well remember lying in bed that night with a strange new feeling in my tummy as my bottom glowed warmly.

I got caned many times after that, as we got older the mistress seemed to regard every minor breach of rules as a caning offence, indeed often my entire class was caned. The worst mistress was the gym mistress. She was much older than I ever imagined a gym mistress to be, she was, however, very fond of her cane.

As my sporting prowess, like most teenage girls was sadly lacking, as a result Miss Perretts cane made frequent visits to my bottom! Sometimes she would just cane us there and then, but normally she would wait until the end of the lesson, as we went to shower. She always had an interest in watching us shower, she would wait by the entrance to the showers, cane in hand, until we had hung our towels up, then as we walked past her she would either say nothing or order us to bend over. You got two strokes, on the bare arse of course, then I always rushed into the showers and tur-

ned the water on my face, to try to hide the tears!

Your friends always spend their time laughing at you. I remember a time in her gym, when Miss Perrett was punishing two of my classmates, for skylarking in the gym, which is a rather dangerous place after all, she was really thrashing Jean, whom she had bent across the vaulting horse, I had got myself into a good viewing position, and was experiencing a damp crutch, when I noted that Judith the girl awaiting her caning had wet herself in fear! Now we were about 14 at the time, very embarrassing! Eventually Jean was released to cry her heart out in the corner and Judith was called forward and bent across the horse, when Miss Perrett saw that Judith had wet herself she blew a fuse! She shouted at an already crying girl and then ordered Judith to take her knickers off, this caused a buzz around the gym. Poor Judith then got eight across her bare bottom. Certainly the best caning I've ever witnessed. The Headmistress was a woman to fear, she always awarded four strokes for any offence, but then found a reason to increase it to six or even eight, dirty shoes, wrong colour knickers any reason she could find. I had a four stroke caning for smoking increased to eight because my suspenders were the wrong colour.

I eventually left school, having been caned two days before, by Miss Perrett, I had several boyfriends but something always seemed to be lacking from my sex life, until I met my current one. Things were heading towards a parting and one night I had a terrible row with him, he grabbed hold of me, pulled me across his knee and spanked me! The old feelings flooded back! Sex was wonderful! We did not split up and I graduated back to the cane! Now after twenty years my bottom is once again receiving regular visits from a cane!

Gwynedd

Dear Blushes,

I bought issue 2 as soon as I saw the pictures of the girls in their cute little sailor hats undergoing some sort of naval discipline.

Standing in a bookshop on one of my infrequent visits to London, I chanced upon issue number 2 'Some of the best photographs you'll have seen' the cover proclaimed. I browsed through the pages and yes, they were indeed some of the best photographs I've

ever seen!

A friend with a very vague interest in C.P. who has an occasional browse through my magazine collection, found the pictures more appealing than most C.P. mags that he'd seen. I asked him what he thought of *Blushes* in comparison to others and he said that the pictures seemed more honest and closer to the bone. In particular the photo on page 27 with the girl being 'booked'. The discipline of such a pose really struck him. I knew exactly what he meant. I also think the picture on page 6 with the guy with the towel and the girl on her tiptoes is excellent.

I can just tell that *Blushes* is going to be the best C.P. mag around, if it isn't already!

I don't know what it is about *Blushes* photo's that make them stand out above other magazines, but it might have something to do with the prettier girls, more imaginative poses and the stricter looking discipline. Plus the nudity! That's what any magazine worth its salt that professes to be C.P. orientated should be aiming for Discipline and Humiliation.

You see, my tastes in sado-erotica, as well as spanking and caning etc., veer towards more humiliating aspects such as nude P.T., punishment dress, and enforced exhibitionism among other things.

With a bit of imagination and co-operation there are literally dozens of different methods and rituals in punishing young ladies. Confiscation of certain items of clothing, the wearing of certain items of clothing, also enforced nudity can be, in itself a salutary discipline.

It would be very embarrassing for a pretty girl to have to bathe in a large tin bath in front of a roaring log fire, especially in front of invited relations or friends. Afterwards, even more humiliation is when she has her bottom talcum powdered, then a nappy and rubber panties are put on her.

Similarly, imagine that a gorgeous young girl is sent to her strict aunts for a long weekend of punishment to mend her disobedient ways. Three or four glorious days of floor-scrubbing, caning, boot polishing, slapping, exercise, tawsing, weeding gardens etc. Of course the cruel aunt would have to invite a few guests over to witness the girls retribution. She could also introduce things like marching drill, the girl dressed in

an embarrassingly skimpy mini-kilt and black or white ankled or knee socks; and if knees weren't lifted high enough or fast enough, a whippy cane would be well employed.

Maybe it's something to do with the censorship laws, or maybe its just a matter of taste, but to be honest I find the majority of C.P. magazines a bit bland. Sometimes, the only reason I buy them is in case I miss a good letter, story or picture that may appeal to my particular tastes.

I love the Victor Bruno books, and sometimes wonder why the harsher things such as bondage and restraint can't be incorporated in the average bland spanking magazine. I don't mean things like leather-clad dominant mistresses, its just that I personally feel that things could be a bit more imaginative and adventurous.

I think I must be a bit of a foot fetishist as most of my fantasies involve beautiful submissive girls with bare feet, or wearing socks.

Imagine that its a hot day and also a punishment day for Mr. X's pretty, young wife. A shopping expedition has been planned. She is to wear a longish ribbon in her dark hair, a largish mans shirt with the three top buttons undone, a leather thong belt tight around her waist and nothing else! The pavement feels hot and uncomfortable beneath the soles of her pretty little bare feet, and the shirt barely covers her bottom. The top of her thighs are clearly and visibly lacerated from the previous nights obedience training session.

On the way back from the shops, she is loaded down with heavy shopping bags. They play little games, for instance, every time she steps on a crack in the pavement she gets a hefty crack across her backside.

Blushes seems to me to be the closest magazine to my tastes that I've ever seen, picture wise at least anyway!

Edinburgh, Scotland

Dear Editor,

Congratulations on the new magazine especially on the quality of the photographic work.

I am prompted to write by your appeal for readers contributions, whether the following will be of interest remains to be seen.

Most readers of C.P. magazines have heard of the martinet, a peculiarly French punishment imple-

ment not much favoured by British C.P. enthusiasts or used by British parents.

I had always imagined that such objects were in fact just a bit of national folk lore until that is I was in Nice last year.

During the course of a wander through the back streets, I was peering through the door of a small ironmongers shop and trying to decide what the French was for a television aerial plug, when my eyes lit on a bundle of objects hanging from the ceiling.

From descriptions in various C.P. magazines, I concluded that the tiems dangling amongst the brooms and dustpans must be the punishment device known as the Martinet.

My curiosity being greater than my fear of looking a fool I entered the shop and after locating the required plug indicated that I would like one of the martinets.

The proprietor showed no particular surprise or interest in my request, an indication I summarised that such purchases were commonplace. It would seem that at least in that part of France any misbehaving child ran a grave risk of a well warmed bottom.

For the princely sum of seventy pence I had acquired a genuine martinet which was constructed as follows.

A wooden handle about a foot long had attached to it ten leather thongs again about a foot long and looking rather like old fashioned leather bootlaces. The whole thing was quite light in weight and was obviously intended to import a good sting to the recipient without causing serious marking or bruising.

I only purchased the martinet as a souvenir out of sheer curiosity, I had no intention of using it as neither my wife or daughter are aware of my interest in C.P. Certainly any attempt to punish my daughter with it would have caused a riot.

During the course of the year I showed it to several people introducing it in the manner of a joke. Most considered it another example of the strange and uncivilised ways of the French. At least two husbands were tempted to flick it across their wives bottoms amid shrieks of hilarity.

It was on an occasion rather similar to the above that having left the martinet in a place where it was certain to be seen and commented on, I came across the daughter of

an acquaintance of mine examining it with some trepidation. I asked her if she knew what it was and her reply came as rather a shock.

"It's a martinet," she replied "I know because I've been given a good hiding with one."

Naturally I was agog with excitement and asked her if she would care to elaborate on her remark. At first she was rather reluctant but when she realised I was not laughing at her she told me the full story.

Apparently she had been staying with a distant relative in France some four years ago when she was fifteen. During the course of the holiday she and the daughter of the family had been caught stealing from a local shop. Fortunately the daughter was known to the shopkeeper who instead of calling the police spoke to the girls father.

The upshot of this was that both girls were taken by the father back to the shop to return the goods and apologise. My friends daughter (who we'll call Louise) heard her holiday companions father assuring the shopkeeper that both girls would be severely punished by him. She was curious as to quite what he meant but presumed that she would be sent home in disgrace, as to what her friend Nicole would suffer she had no idea.

When they got home both of them were sent upstairs to their room and Louise immediately asked Nicole what her father was going to do to her.

Nicole then said she expected she would get punished with the martinet, a term that Louise had never heard of.

She apparently did not have long to wait as within a few minutes Nicole's mother appeared holding in her hand the item that Louise had found in my house.

After a long tirade at her daughter, Louise heard the furious mother telling Nicole to take her jeans off. Much to Louise's surprise Nicole made no complaint but proceeded to take her jeans off as requested. It was obvious that this was not the first time that Nicole had been disciplined in this way even though she was some eighteen months older than Louise.

Still haranging her daughter Nicole's mother pushed her face down over the end of the old fashioned bed. This Louise said was the sort with a wooden bed end having a rail just about hip height.

Nicole's mother then jerked her

daughters brief panties down, another point that shocked Louise because as she pointed out they were only very tiny anyway and it hardly seemed they would offer much protection.

I'm sorry to say there was little ceremony in what happened next as recounted by Louise. She watched in horror as her friend's mother began to lash the thongs of the martinet across her daughters bare bottom and upper thighs. Louise said Nicole yelled and kicked but her mother continued to beat her until her whole behind was covered with red stripes. There was I imagine little finesse about this process it was a punishment and designed to hurt.

When eventually her mother stopped Nicole's bottom was bright red as were her thighs down nearly to her knees. Leaving her daughter sobbing on the bed Louise said the mother turned to her and began giving her a monumental tongue lashing. The main point of this tirade seemed to be that had Louise been her daughter she would get a dose of the same, a rather unnecessary remark under the circumstances.

As it was she informed Louise she would contact her parents and she could go home as soon as a reservation could be made for her to travel, with that the woman left.

Louise said that she was quite surprised at how quickly Nicole recovered after her mother left and in fact she seemed more concerned that Louise was to be sent home forthwith.

It was Nicole who suggested that Louise might accept a similar punishment instead of banishment to England a course of action that Louise said she recoiled in horror from. As she said the idea of a beefy frenchwoman thrashing her unprotected rear with what looked like a small cat-o-nine tails was too awful to contemplate.

Gradually however the full enormity of her position began to dawn on her. Not only would her rather pleasant (up till then? holiday be curtailed, she would also have to face her own parents who although she knew they would not physically chastise her would be very annoyed.

Louise said she discussed the matter with Nicole who seemed to think her a bit of a baby for being scared of getting a whipping. Presumably Nicole was used to such methods of punishment as she just shrugged when Louise enquired

as to how painful it was.

Finally, Louise asked Nicole to go and ask her mother whether, if she were punished like Nicole, would the matter end there without her parents needing to be told. A short while later Nicole returned accompanied by her still angry looking mother.

Nicole's mother in answer to Louise's question said that she had not yet contacted her parents but was prepared to drop the matter as suggested as long as Louise was quite certain she wanted to be punished like Nicole. Louise admits she was absolutely shaking with fear at this point but she confirmed she wanted the thrashing rather than a return home.

I am afraid that by now it was getting more difficult to keep Louise talking, she was obviously somewhat taken aback by my great interest in her "good hiding" as she kept referring to it. However, after a pause to get me to promise I would not repeat this to her family or friends she continued. Nicole's mother sent her daughter to fetch the martinet in the meanwhile telling Louise to take her shorts off. Louise did as asked and was then turned around and Nicole's mother dragged her knickers down to her knees. Louise said that standing there like that was the most embarrassing thing she has ever had happen to her.

Nicole returned with the martinet and handed it to her mother. Louise was then just like Nicole pushed over the bed end.

She was rather alarmed though when Nicole sat on the bed and held her hands. Louise rather thought that Nicole was enjoying seeing her in this predicament.

In Louise's own words "When the whip landed on my bottom it stung like a thousand nettle stings".

She confesses that if Nicole had not held her wrists and her mother had not pushed her firmly down all the time she would have tried to get away after the second stroke.

As with Nicole the whipping did not last long but was very thorough and extremely painful. Louise says she recalls screaming and kicking but Nicole's mother did not stop until she presumably thought justice had been done.

When it stopped Louise said she felt that her bottom was on fire.

Several hours later Louise recalls she went and examined her rear view in the mirror. What surprised



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her was that most of the redness had gone and the only real marks remaining were where the ends of the leather thongs had wrapped around her right hand bottom cheek. The marks on her thighs prevented her from wearing shorts or a bathing costume for a few days but there were no bruises.

As to what Louise thought now about her whipping she agreed it had not done any lasting harm and admitted that had her parents used similar methods of discipline she would never have dared to put a foot wrong.

It was still her belief though that corporal punishment was not a good idea in general but did say that perhaps if courts could order a whipping it might not be a bad thing in certain cases.

I hope you have found this story of interest.

St. Albans, Herts

Dear Sirs,

Like M.A. of Bolton (correspondence of last issue) I bemoan the fact that teenage girls no longer wear navy blue knickers as part of their schoolwear, nor in their leisure time. After the success of CAMRA and such bodies, I suggest the funding of the Campaign for Retention Of Navy Knickers (Cronk – at least it's better than CRANK!)

However, all is not quite lost yet, as I discovered when visiting the Downland Open Air Museum near Chichester in W. Sussex just before the end of the end of the school summer term. This is a museum dedicated to the preservation of old rural buildings (farm barns etc) which have been transported to this site, which is spacious with plenty of grass and trees between the various exhibits. I was staying with my aunt and we decided on a visit which, I thought, would be nice and relaxing after the hubbub of city life. Being a weekday and not yet school holidays I expected the museum to be almost empty – little did I know the delights to follow!

On arrival we decided to have a cup of tea at the cafeteria, it being an extremely hot day and we had had to endure two bus rides to get there. Most of the cafe's tables were out in a field, and it soon became obvious that far from the haven of tranquility I had foreseen that I was in for an interesting (not to say exciting) few hours. Spread all round this field, both at the tab-

les and all over the grass were school children, all of secondary school age and mostly aged between 11-14 at a guess. There seemed to be three groups, all from different schools, one comprising a mixed group from an urban area (you could tell by their looks, dress and general behaviour, and I took no interest in this group) and the other two of girls only, in cotton school summer dresses in one case and in skirts and blouses in the other. I sat at a table with my aunt and observed their antics as best I could without signalling any interest on my part to my aunt, which was difficult!

These two groups of girls were mostly sitting in circles, facing inward, or behind trees where they could not be seen from any distance. However, there were odd clumps of girls dotted around, and it was a group of three such girls, in blue and white dresses, who sparked my interest. They were laying back sunning themselves (at a fair distance from me, but luckily I have good eyesight!) facing me, and one of them had her knees up and legs spread open, consequently her shortish dress was right up to the top of her thighs and there in view were, unless I was much mistaken, a pair of decidedly navy blue knickers. By the time this realisation my aunt's conversation had begun to pall somewhat and I was finding it hard (nay, impossible) to keep my eyes from straying to this visit of nostalgia set before me. Suddenly this girl sat up, leaning on her elbows, saw me looking over towards her, said something to her friends and the next thing I knew I was being treated to the blissful sight of three pairs of navy knickers as worn by these thirteen year old (at a guess) schoolgirls, and obviously very much for my benefit.

Our cup of tea over, I shrewdly suggested to my aunt that we take a route to the first old farmhouse which involved passing much nearer these three girls. Sure enough, as we approached all three contrived to get into positions where, with much wriggling of bottoms and spreading of legs, their entire knickers were on view to us. My aunt now started tut-tutting and I had to feign indignation at the behaviour of these errant little trollops, pointing a finger and making a comment so that far from being forced to look away I was able to take in the fact that these were definitely regulation issue

navy school knickers that I had long thought had gone out of existence for girls of that age.

This excitement having passed, we made our way to the first exhibit and then round all the others, trailing in the wake of a group of a dozen girls, from the other school I mentioned briefly earlier. They were led by a young schoolmaster, who appeared to get on very well with these girls who were aged fourteen or fifteen. They were wearing white blouses and grey skirts, mostly just above knee length so nothing too exciting, at least I thought not until we visited a house where access to the first floor was by means of an almost vertical and rather narrow set of stairs, more like a fixed ladder really. The schoolmaster elected not to go upstairs, but instead to stay at the bottom of the stairs steadying the girls on their ascent and, later, descent. I think I know why he chose to do so too, because as I followed the last girl up the stairs it was impossible not to look up and see her white knicker clad bottom in front of me and similarly on the descent, I made sure I was not last down so that the girl following me also presented her delectable white panties for show. It was perhaps a disappointment that this school's uniform did not include navy blues, but that would perhaps have been too much for one day! Incidentally, the discussion on the first floor among the girls had all been about how they had unavoidably shown their knickers to the person ascending after them and to the young schoolmaster standing below. They all knew he had been looking but none of them seemed to mind.

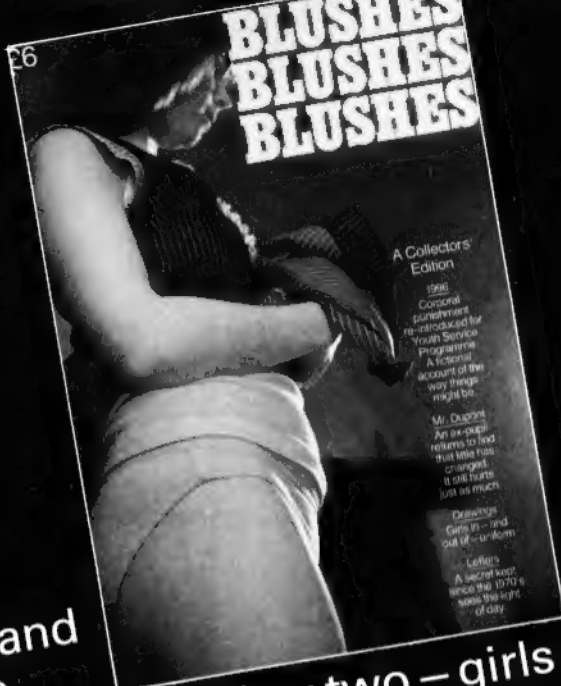
After this a quick return to the field yielded the 'blue' school having another tea break and of the three girls there whose knickers I briefly saw all were once again navy blue, so I think I can safely say with authority that they were very much 'de niguero' for the girls of that school, which I would guess is a private one located not too far from Chichester, as it was by now gone 3 pm and they seemed in no hurry to get back. So ended a fascinating day – without my aunt's presence and with a camera it might have proved even more so!

Perhaps other readers would write with similar experiences, and then perhaps we won't need to activate CRONK!

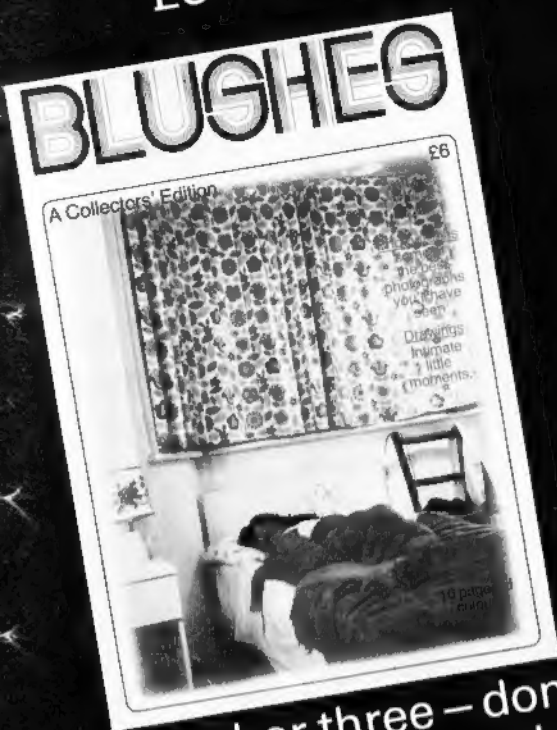
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